

HEROES OF LAND AND SEA

HENRY NEWBOLT



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HEROES OF LAND AND SEA



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HEROES OF LAND AND SEA

SELECTED FROM
THE WORKS OF
SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

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MY DEAR JAN, JAMES, AND TOM,

I have come home from Canada, and I am sending you a book to read—you and all other young Canadians. It is mainly about my own countrymen, English and Scottish, but I hope that will not prevent you from being interested in it, for you know that our history and our great men of the past belong to you as well as to us.

Besides, the stories are stories of adventure, and if adventures are the adventures of fine men, they will always stir young blood. There is no doubt about these: Livingstone, Scott and Franklin were all heroes from beginning to end, and there is no one who would not wish to be like them, and do the things they did—if he dared. Every day of Livingstone's life in Africa was part of a dangerous and romantic service: he gave himself not for a country but for a continent and all its races. Scott's great adventure was cut short by a terrible death; but he and his friends, Wilson, Bowers, and Oates, by their courage and devotion, raised the standard of human character—you cannot read of them without being greater than you were. Franklin's best story is this one of his travels in your own North-west country: he makes you love not only him, but the Indians among whom he lived and to whom he owed his safe return. Akaitcho, Augustus, and the rest—they are worthy of a place in the romance of Canada.

The remaining chapters of the book are stories of war, and I should like to say a word to you about that. I have no doubt that you feel as I do about war: you find it lifts up your heart to read of brave men fighting in a good cause, but you also hate war and believe that

all men ought to hate it. Let us think clearly about this, for both feelings are right. Are there not really two kinds of war, very different from one another? When a strong nation attacks a weaker one, for the sake of conquest or domination, or to gain some other advantage for itself, what is that? That is aggressive war, an attempt at tyranny by brute force: a crime against humanity. But when a nation which has no desire to fight sees its own homeland, or the homeland of a friendly people, in danger from a criminal attack, and resolves to endure the suffering and loss of war rather than stand by while Right is trampled down by Might—is that war in the evil sense of the word? No—it is self-sacrifice in a good cause, and the name for it is defensive war.

This will explain why we may well be proud—you and I—of the heroes of our great wars in the past. In the last four hundred years four tyrants have attempted to master the world by force: Philip of Spain, Louis the Fourteenth of France, Napoleon, and the Kaiser Wilhelm. All four would have succeeded if it had not been for the fearlessness, the good faith, and the love of freedom of our island race. In these four wars there was a right and a wrong, as clearly visible as daylight and darkness: and you will remember that in the last and greatest of the four your fathers never doubted for an instant—they struck in with a swift decision of which there is no other example in history.

Yes, we are right to be proud of our heroes, and to love all heroes, wherever they are born or bred. "If men knew their business they would be godlike to each other." But for this they need not go to war. Fighting has its own virtues and its own joys, but they can be had without the hideous waste and misery of war. The old wars were fought by small picked armies, and the losses were small in proportion to the wealth and numbers of the nations engaged. But since we have all been forced to adopt the Prussian method of "national war," there can be no neutrals, no non-combatants, no

limits to destruction. If we continue to fight, the whole world, right or wrong, must perish together. We have that lesson now plain before us, and we must learn it. There is no fear that men without war will be less god-like, or even less manly. Look back at Nelson, and Jellicoe, and Beatty, and the men of Zeebrugge; you will see that what they loved and what we love them for, is not the death and destruction they caused. Their glory was the contest, the struggle against odds and obstacles, the moments of danger and daring and success; and, above all, the ardour of devotion to something greater than themselves, the sacrifice, the self-forgetfulness. Then look again at our Livingstones, and Scotts, and Franklins. Were not these men of the same high and indomitable character as those others, honourable not only for the nature of their enterprises, but for the endurance, the devotion, and the humanity with which they conducted them? Were they not like the men of whom Thomas à Kempis said: "The footprints they have left bear witness of them, that they were truly divine and perfect men; for they waged their wars so strenuously that they trod down the world beneath their feet"? He speaks of them as soldiers, you see; yet their wars were not against their fellow-men, but against the difficulties and dangers, the weakness and the violence, of their own human nature on its pilgrimage through the world of men and matter. In that sense you will always be soldiers. You must keep the soldier's tradition and leave it to those who come after you, as your fathers and forefathers have left it to you.

Yours always,

HENRY NEWBOLT.

June, 1923.

I. PROSE

I

JOHN FRANKLIN

1. THE TRAVELLER BORN

AMONG all the various characters of men none is more strongly marked than that of the Traveller, and John Franklin is one of the most typical examples of it. In his stirring sixty years of life he served his country in a diversity of ways—he was a sailor, and fought in great battles; he was an administrator, and governed a great colony; he was an explorer, and made famous expeditions. But it was only in the last of these callings that he found his true work and a real satisfaction, for he was urged always by this one mastering desire to discover the earth and to see it for himself.

He was born in 1786 at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, one of a family of the old-fashioned kind, a round dozen in number. He had four brothers and four sisters older than himself, and seems to have been rather petted and spoiled as a little boy, for he was then very delicate and weakly, like many small boys who have grown up later to become famous men. But three more little sisters were born after him, so that he did not long remain the baby of the family. He was good-natured and affectionate, but very untidy; and this was a continual distress to the rest of the household, who were noted for their neatness and orderliness. There was one terrible day when the whip that had always hung unused on the staircase landing, had to be taken down and laid across John's shoulders.

“When he was ten he was sent to school, first at St. Ives and then to the Grammar School at Louth. He had never yet seen the sea, and one holiday he and

a friend decided to make for the coast, which was only ten miles away from Louth. We are not told what they did when they got there, but when John returned he had firmly made up his mind to be a sailor. His father would not hear of such a thing, and declared that he would rather follow his son to the grave than to the sea. However, when he found at the end of two years that John had not changed his mind, he decided to send him for a cruise on board a merchant vessel trading between Hull and Lisbon. This was a much rougher experience for a boy then than it would be nowadays, and he probably thought that a taste of the realities of life at sea would cure John of all desire to be a sailor. But John returned from this voyage more determined than ever, and Mr. Franklin, like a wise man, gave way. A berth was obtained for John, who was now fourteen years old, as a first-class volunteer on board H.M.S. *Polyphemus*, and in the autumn of 1800 his brother Thomas took him up to London to buy him his outfit and see him off.”¹

In the following March the *Polyphemus* sailed with Admirals Hyde, Parker and Nelson on the expedition to Copenhagen. John seems to have relished the prospect of fighting, and he certainly did his duty in the great action with the Danish batteries; but it is clear that he had already, before he sailed, felt that exploring impulse which never leaves a man when it has once seized him. In his farewell letter he begs his father to get him transferred, if the *Polyphemus* comes back in time from the Baltic, to the *Investigator*, a vessel that was preparing to survey the Australian coast under Captain Matthew Flinders. The *Polyphemus* fought her battle and came back in time, the transfer was obtained, and on July 7, 1801, John sailed for the South Seas in the *Investigator*.

¹ Quoted from *The Book of the Blue Sea*, where an account will be found of Franklin's service in the Navy, and also of his last Arctic voyage and death.

The voyage was a long one, and the ship not seaworthy. A year from the start she was already refitting in Port Jackson; then she successfully mapped the coast-line of the Gulf of Carpentaria, where a river still keeps the name of Flinders; but her timbers were so rotten that on her return to Sydney in June 1803 she was abandoned, and her officers started for home in the *Porpoise*. When 750 miles out, the *Porpoise* was wrecked on a reef, and the crew were only relieved after six weeks by the *Rolla*, which took some of them, including John, on to Canton. From there he came home, sailing from Calcutta in the famous East India Fleet, under Commodore Dance, which fought and repulsed a French naval squadron on the voyage. The day after his return he was appointed to H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, and after a winter spent in blockading Brest his ship joined the fleet off Cadiz, and eventually took part in the Battle of Trafalgar. After this John cruised in the *Bellerophon* for two years, and in the *Bedford* for seven more. In July 1815 he was promoted to First Lieutenant in the *Forth*; but the war was over, and in two months' time he found himself ashore, with his fighting career closed at twenty-nine.

He was more fortunate than others, in having a second string to his bow, and a better one. In 1818, when the Admiralty decided to send expeditions in search of the North Pole and the North-West Passage, they selected Lieutenant John Franklin to command one of the two ships which sailed on the second of these voyages. But the *Dorothea* and the *Trent* were both very small vessels, and the *Trent*, Franklin's command, was leaky; after a few months in the icepack they came back damaged and unsuccessful—an example of skill and courage wasted by official parsimony. The mistake was recognised and regretted, and in the following year, 1819, two fresh expeditions were sent out. Parry with two ships went again to Baffin's Bay; Franklin was given the command of an overland party, with orders to explore

the northern coast of Arctic America and if possible to meet Parry and his ships. This time he had found the real opportunity for which he was fitted by nature, and it was actually by his work on the Long Trail by land that he won both his promotion in the Navy and his subsequent high position in the public service.

2. THE EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH-WEST

For this second expedition the Admiralty nominated three officers to accompany Lieutenant Franklin: they were Dr. John Richardson, a naval surgeon, and two midshipmen, Mr. George Back and Mr. Robert Hood. Of these three, Richardson was medical officer and scientific naturalist, Back was chartographer and draughtsman, Hood was draughtsman, navigator, and meteorologist; all were able men, and Franklin records further that their unfailing kindness, good conduct, and cordial coöperation made an ineffaceable impression on his mind. It will be seen presently that in the light of their desperate experiences these words shine with a peculiar significance. As for Franklin himself, he was at thirty-three, as he was at sixty when he started upon his last voyage, an ideal leader, inspiring and ingenious, pious and orderly, forgetful of himself and full of admiration and affection for his men.

His instructions were, to determine the latitudes and longitudes of the northern coast of North America, and the trending of that coast from the mouth of the Coppermine River eastwards; the route to be decided by himself, after consulting the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company at the various places where they were established for the purposes of the winter trade.

The whole party embarked on May 23, at Gravesend, on board the Company's ship *Prince of Wales*, which sailed with two consorts, the *Eddystone* and *Wear*. They touched at Yarmouth in Norfolk, and Mr. Back having gone ashore there missed his ship, which could not wait

for him. The boatmen who should have brought him off perceived that he was in a hurry and demanded exorbitant pay; he refused to be blackmailed, and started off overland to race the ship to Stromness, where he was informed that she would call. He posted, coached, and sailed the distance in something under nine days, caught up his party, and ended a very midshipmanlike performance by finding his friends in a ballroom and dancing till a late hour.

After weathering a severe gale and escaping some icebergs, the *Prince of Wales* reached Hudson's Bay, crossed it, and anchored off Fort York on August 30. Mr. Williams, the governor of the factory there belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, immediately came on board, and gave the explorers all the information they required for beginning their overland journey. A great deal of the distance could be accomplished by following the rivers and lakes which make an irregular chain to the west and north; a portable boat was therefore got ready and loaded with stores, and on September 9 the expedition began its first stage by sailing up the tidal estuary of the Hayes River. After six miles, however, the tide and wind both failed them, and for a great part of the journey "tracking," or towing, became necessary. This operation and the dragging of the boat over the "portages," or spaces between one waterway and another, were very hard work, and it was a relief to reach Cumberland House, on Pine Island Lake, on October 22. The lake was already beginning to freeze, and by November 8 the ice would bear sledges upon it.

This stage, though fatiguing, had been by a well-known track through safe country; the next was to be considerably longer and more difficult—857 miles instead of 690—and lighter boats and a larger party must be prepared. Franklin left Richardson and Hood to procure two canoes, with men and stores, while he himself, with Back and an able seaman named John

Hepburn, started ahead on January 18 on snow-shoes, accompanied by two carriages and two sledges, drawn by dogs. They made about fifteen miles a day, and reached Carlton House, the next factory, on the 31st ; left again on February 8, and on the 23rd, after crossing the Isle à la Crosse Lake in a bitter blizzard, arrived at the Company's house there—a stage of 230 miles. The lake is named from an island on it, where the Indians formerly played an annual match at the game of La Crosse.

On March 5, after a brilliant night of the Aurora Borealis, the travellers set out again, crossed arms of Clear Lake and Buffalo Lake, lonely haunts of the Cree and Chipewyan Indians, and reached on the 13th the Methye Portage, across which they rode at their ease in carriages. Thence they tobogganed in sledges down the almost precipitous slopes towards the Clear Water River ; crossed this and the Cascade Portage, and came to an Indian encampment, where they smoked the calumet, or Pipe of Peace, in the chief's tent. His name was The Thumb, and he and his people were dirty and disobliging. Two days later the party reached the lodge of another chief, The Sun, but though a genial host and delighted to see the Pale Faces he could give them no useful information. They smoked the calumet with him, and plunged once more into the deep snow. A week afterwards they fell in with an old Canadian carrying meat to Fort Chipewyan on a sledge with two tired dogs ; under his guidance they succeeded in reaching the fort on March 25.

Their first object here was to obtain some certain information as to their future route, for they were now to push on into a region where they must rely entirely on their own resources. Fort Providence was the only factory house now to the north of them : after passing this they would meet with none of their own race until they returned from the Polar Sea. Accordingly the Company's agents were asked to explain to the Copper

Indians, who inhabited the district, the object of the expedition, and to ask them for guides and hunters to accompany it. At the same time another trading association, the North-West Company, consented to lend Mr. Wentzel, one of their clerks, and a number of their *voyageurs*, or French-Canadian boatmen. Then a large birchen canoe was built during the month of June : it was $32\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, and 4 feet 10 inches wide in the centre, and was capable of carrying, besides the crew of five or six men with their provisions and baggage, twenty-five extra packages of 90 lb. each, or a total lading of 3300 lb. weight. Yet the canoe itself was so light that at a portage, when it was emptied of its cargo, it could be carried overland by two men only, and they would even run with it.

The canoe was finished just in time. On July 5 it was taken out for a trial trip, and when caught in a heavy gale on the open lake showed itself to be an excellent sea-boat. On July 13, Franklin and Back had the pleasure of welcoming their friends Richardson and Hood, who brought with them two more canoes and some stores ; but the pemmican had gone bad on the way, and as no more could be obtained at Fort Chipewyan it was necessary to move on at once, or the large party now gathered together would soon have exhausted their food supply. All unsatisfactory men were therefore weeded out and sent home, and on July 18 the rest loaded the three canoes and started for the North.

The crews went off gaily with a lively paddling song, and the descent of the magnificent Slave River made a rapid and easy beginning for their journey ; but Franklin was painfully aware of the risk they were running. Setting aside some flour, preserved meat, chocolate, arrowroot, and portable soup, brought out from England expressly as a reserve for the journey to the coast next season, there was now in the boats only provision for one day's consumption ; after that the whole party must live on what they could find or kill. Accordingly, at 10 next

morning a halt was called for fishing, and nets were set at the entrance of the Dog River. The result was a failure—only four small trout were caught, to feed twenty-four people; and Franklin was compelled to draw on his precious preserved meats for supper. By daylight next day the nets again furnished only a solitary pike. The same thing happened once more on the following morning; but the luck then turned. A big buffalo plunged into the river ahead of the boats and received fourteen rounds of rapid fire from four muskets, after which he was speedily converted into beef, and the flotilla went on its way singing.

This meat and an additional supply purchased from Indians enabled the expedition to carry on to Fort Providence, which they reached on July 28. There they found waiting for them Mr. Wentzel, with the interpreter Jean Baptiste Adam, and one of the Indian guides; and there the Indian Chief Akaitcho, or Big Foot, announced his intention of visiting them next morning. He arrived with a procession of canoes, landed, put on a very grave air, walked up to Mr. Wentzel, who spoke his language, and was introduced to the British officers. He then made a dignified and pathetic speech, saying that he had agreed to accompany the expedition, and hoped it would be productive of much good to his tribe; but it had already caused him a great grief. The report had reached him that among the members of it was a great Medicine Chief who could restore the dead to life. At this he had rejoiced, thinking to see again the departed who were dear to him; but his first words with Mr. Wentzel had removed these vain hopes, and he felt as if his friends had been torn from him a second time. He now wished to be informed exactly of the nature of the expedition.

In answer to this speech, which was understood to have been many days preparing, Franklin said that he had been sent out by the Greatest Chief in the world, who was the friend of peace and had the interest of every nation at heart. This Chief, having learned that his

children in the North were much in need of merchandise, the transport of which was hindered by the length and difficulty of the present route, had sent the expedition to search for a passage for his vessels through the North-West sea ; and also to make discoveries for the benefit of the Indians and all other peoples. For these purposes he desired the assistance of his Indian children, and especially he enjoined upon them that all hostilities must cease between them and their neighbours the Esquimaux. Remuneration would follow in the shape of cloth, ammunition (for hunting), tobacco, and useful iron instruments ; their debts to the North-West Company would also be discharged.

Akaitcho thereupon renewed his assurances ; as to the Esquimaux he recommended caution, because they were a very treacherous people, but he would do everything in his power to help the British. And he kept his word ; he was a man of character and ability, obstinate but honourable and shrewd. His tribe, who were Copper Indians of the great Chipewyan or Northern nation, had done some rough things when on the war trail against the Esquimaux, but to Franklin and his men they showed not only faithfulness and goodwill but a peculiarly tender devotion in the time of their need and misery.

3. DRIVEN INTO WINTER QUARTERS

The expedition left Fort Providence on August 2, 1820. It consisted now of the following persons : the four officers, Franklin, Richardson, Back and Hood ; Frederick Wentzel, adviser and interpreter-general ; John Hepburn, British seaman, that is to say under-officer, guard, officers' servant, purveyor, handy man, and stand-by. Then there were seventeen *voyageurs*, or boatmen, of whom fifteen were French-Canadians, one an Italian, Vincenzo Fontano, and one an Iroquois Indian, Michel Teroahauté, who was, as we shall hear later, the one tragical element in the story. Besides these *voyageurs*

there were three of their wives, brought for the purpose of making shoes and clothes for the men during the winter, and they had three of their children with them. Lastly, there were two Canadian interpreters, St. Germain and Adam, and one Indian interpreter, a Chipewyan called Bois Brulés. The party travelled in three large canoes, with a smaller one to convey the women ; and they all started in high spirits, Franklin and his officers being especially eager to explore a line of country which had never yet been visited by any European.

Next day they embarked again before dawn and reached the entrance of a stream called by the Indians Beg-ho-lo-dessy, or the River of the Toothless Fish. Here they found Akaitcho and his hunters, with their families, waiting for the expedition. The Indians quickly put off in seventeen canoes, and the whole flotilla went forward. Akaitcho began by travelling in state, in a canoe paddled by a slave whom he had captured from the Dog-Rib Indians ; but after a few days he showed his good sense by helping to paddle and even to carry his canoe at the portages. He also made his people assist the white men in carrying the baggage, and they obeyed cheerfully. On the second day they were rewarded by a new and exciting pleasure : Mr. Back got out a fishing-rod and caught several fish with a fly. His skill and success astonished and delighted the Indians, and every fisherman will understand how much this common interest must have done to create an understanding between the White and the Red men. But fish were not always procurable, and the preserved meat was again drawn upon till it gave out. Food supply was evidently going to be the great difficulty, and some of the Indians went ahead to hunt game for the rest ; Akaitcho stayed with Franklin, and was always entertained at his table as a token of regard. By August 8 the Canadians were exhausted by fatigue and short rations ; Franklin was driven to issue the portable soup and arrowroot. Three days later a good

supply of fish was secured, and the Indians were reported to have lit fires—a sure indication of their having killed some reindeer. Shortly afterwards they brought in several carcasses, and the crisis was over for the time.

But difficulties multiplied upon the expedition. On the 25th the first frost and the migration of the geese gave signs of the approach of winter. The same day Hepburn went out shooting, and for two days was completely lost in the foggy and trackless woods. The Indians were very sympathetic, but were in two minds about risking the same fate by going on a search party. At last three men and a boy went out and brought poor Hepburn back half dead with hunger and self-reproach. The third and greatest trouble was a complete disagreement with Akaitcho. The Englishmen had always hoped and intended to reach the Coppermine River and go down it to the coast before winter ; Akaitcho now assured them that this was dangerous and indeed impossible so late in the season. If they went he was resolved to go back to Fort Providence ; this he was too courteous to say to Franklin, but he confided his intention to Wentzel, who of course told his leader. Franklin then had it out with the Chief, who argued the question keenly, and ended by saying, “ If after all I have said you are determined to go, some of my young men shall join the party, because it shall not be said that we permitted you to die alone ; but from the moment they embark in the canoes I and my relatives shall lament them as dead.”

After this Homeric conference the English chief of course gave up his plan with perfect candour and good temper, though he was bitterly disappointed. He confesses that the change in the weather did somewhat alter his opinion, but says stoutly that if the Indian had been willing he would have made the attempt. Then he gives his own case away by adding, “ with the intention however of returning immediately upon the first decided appearance of winter.”

His new plan was a better one. With Akaitcho's approval he sent Back and Hood forward in a light canoe to ascertain the distance and size of the Coppermine River. Akaitcho and his young men were to go to the hunting grounds and kill food for the winter; and the rest of the party were set to work felling timber and building a house for the winter quarters of the expedition. They were none too soon, for September began with a daily fall of the temperature to freezing-point. On the 4th the timber was ready, and they began to build the house so long remembered as Fort Enterprise.

Franklin, having seen this work well begun, went off on foot to reconnoitre the Coppermine River, which still attracted him like a magnet. He took with him Richardson and Hepburn, a *voyageur* named Sumandré, and old Keskarrah, an Indian guide, who succeeded in keeping the party well fed with reindeer's meat. He also gave them a curious insight into the hardiness of the Indians. Owing to the coldness of the nights the white men slept by the camp fire without undressing. "Old Keskarrah followed a different plan. He stripped himself to the skin, and having toasted his body for a short time over the embers of the fire, he crept under his deerskin and rags, previously spread out as smoothly as possible, and coiling himself up in a circular form, fell asleep instantly. This custom of undressing to the skin even when lying in the open air is common to all the Indian tribes. The thermometer at sunset stood at 29°."

Franklin in making this journey had compromised between determination and prudence, and the result was a half success; his party came within sight of the Coppermine River, but they were then overtaken by a heavy snowstorm which warned them plainly that it was time to turn back. They were not really many miles out, but soon after beginning the homeward journey the guide began to lose his way in the snow, and when they halted in the blizzard it took two hours to make a fire burn, and during

that time the clothes of the wanderers were freezing upon them. They had to sleep half standing, with their backs against a bank of earth, and the next night, spent among some small pines, was not much more comfortable. On the third day a strenuous effort became necessary, for their provisions were exhausted; they pushed doggedly on, and finished the day's march of twenty-two miles by 8 in the evening. At Fort Enterprise they found their friends Back and Hood, who had returned some days before; and they soon forgot their fatigue over a substantial supper of reindeer steaks.

It was not yet October, but all travelling to the northward was now over for the season, and many preparations must be made before a fresh start could be attempted. The year had not seen all the explorers' hopes fulfilled, but they had learnt a good deal about travelling in the North-West, they had established a good advanced base, and they calculated with some satisfaction the distance they had accomplished in 1820, that is, since leaving Cumberland House. It was 1520 miles. We cannot doubt that they also reckoned up, but with a good deal less pleasure, the sixteen months which had now gone by since they saw their own country or received a word from home.

4. OVERLAND TO THE POLAR SEA

The officers' house at Fort Enterprise was completed on October 6, and they at once struck tents and removed into it. It was a plain log building, 50 feet long and 24 wide, divided into a hall, three bedrooms, and a kitchen. The walls and roof were plastered with clay, the floors laid with planks rudely squared with the hatchet, and the windows closed with parchment of deerskin. The clay cracked and made the building draughty, but it was a comfortable dwelling compared with the tents, and having filled the capacious clay-built chimney with fagots, the

party "spent a cheerful evening before the invigorating blaze."

The events of the winter were few but interesting. On October 18 Back and Wentzel started for Fort Providence, to bring up fresh stores. On the 22nd the whole party was excited by the mysterious arrival of a strange dog. By the marks on his ears the Copper Indians, who keep no dogs themselves, recognised him as belonging to the Dog-Rib tribe; but his presence in that neighbourhood was never accounted for, though a search was made to see if Dog-Ribs might be hiding near. On the 26th Akaitcho and his party arrived—a serious addition to the eating power of the community. A day or two later the men's house was finished and occupied: it was 34 feet long and 18 wide, and with the officers' quarters and the storehouse it made three sides of a quadrangle.

On November 23 the *voyageur* Belanger returned from Fort Providence, having made a final forced march of thirty-six hours. His hair was matted with snow and his body encrusted with ice; the packet of letters he carried was frozen hard, and had to be slowly thawed, while the Indians sat silently watching the Englishmen's faces to judge of the character of the news received. It was partly bad, for some stores had been stolen, and partly good, for two Esquimaux interpreters had been procured, and that was proof of the influence of Franklin and his friends. This impressed the Indians, but it was little to the Englishmen compared with the home letters which they now held in their hands. These had come by way of Canada, and had been brought up in September to Slave Lake by the North-West Company's canoes; the latest of them had left England in the preceding April, nearly a year after the expedition sailed, and were therefore only seven months old. With them were newspapers which announced the death of King George III. and the accession of George IV., but this piece of news was carefully concealed from the Indians, lest the death of the Great

Chief might be supposed to lessen Franklin's authority and make him unable to fulfil his promises to them. It is doubtful whether Akaitcho himself was kept in the dark ; for he was, Franklin says, a man of great penetration and shrewdness, who often surprised the Englishmen by his correct judgment of the character of individuals, steadily comparing their conduct with their pretensions, and attentively observing everything, though most of his information could only be obtained through the imperfect medium of an interpreter.

On January 27, 1821, Mr. Wentzel and St. Germain returned, bringing with them the two Esquimaux. Their names were Tattannœuck (The Belly) and Hœootœrock (The Ear), but these had been judiciously changed to Augustus and Junius, derived from the two months in which they had been originally engaged at Fort Churchill. Augustus spoke English and became an important member of the expedition.

The winter was comfortable, but long and uneventful. Spring is noted as having begun on May 12, but the temperature was still down to freezing-point. It was not until June 12 that the Winter River was fairly clear of ice, but by then the whole expedition was in readiness, and on the 14th they started towards the North. The first stage was overland to Winter Lake ; the canoes were dragged on " trains " by teams of four men and two dogs each, the rest followed on foot, carrying stores and instruments. The air was still cold and snowstorms were frequent, but several lakes were successfully crossed, and on the 21st the expedition joined up with Akaitcho and his hunters at Point Lake, which was still frozen. The rest of the Indians had already gone further north. Nine days of hard travelling followed, and on July 1 the whole party came at last to the Coppermine River.

Next day they launched upon this river, which was 200 yards wide and flowed rapidly over a rocky bottom. For the first three miles the canoes were carried along by the

stream with extraordinary speed, gliding over boulders and plunging through rapids and drift ice. Now and then it was necessary to halt and repair them, and at specially dangerous points the ammunition, guns, and instruments had to be put ashore and carried along the bank. This uncomfortable but rapid method of journeying continued for a fortnight, during the whole of which time deer and musk-oxen were shot in plenty, and fish were also caught.

On July 6 the canoes shot a series of rapids which carried them past the entrance to a lake called the Fairy Lake. Franklin inquired the meaning of this name, and found to his delight that the Northern Indians had a race of fairies of their own. They are six inches high, they lead a life similar to that of the Indians themselves, and are excellent hunters. Those who have the good luck to fall in with their tiny encampments are always kindly treated, and feasted on venison. But unfortunately this did not happen to the Englishmen: they got no nearer than hearsay. They did, however, meet with some very friendly Indians of ordinary size, headed by two chiefs named Long Legs and The Hook.

On July 12 Franklin found that he was on the confines of the Esquimaux territory, and became anxious about the possible result of a meeting between them and the Copper Indians, who had massacred some of them in their last war. On this day, too, the expedition was rushed by a bear, which pursued two Indians into the middle of a whole party on the shore so suddenly and fiercely that all the hunters fired wildly and missed him at close quarters. Akaitcho alone kept his head, took deliberate aim, and shot the beast dead at the critical moment. The Indians would not eat bear's meat, but the white men did, and found it excellent.

The Indians were now kept behind, and Augustus and Junius were sent forward to find the Esquimaux and negotiate with them. This they succeeded in doing on July 14, but next day the Indians disobeyed orders and

came up to the front, whereupon the Esquimaux bolted, expecting another massacre. At last an old chief named Terregannœuck was found; he was too infirm to run away, but he thrust out with his spear at Augustus, and at Akaitcho. Afterwards the Esquimaux reappeared in such numbers that the Indians in their turn became alarmed and wanted to go home at once, lest they should be surrounded and cut off. Franklin let them go, and made his way forward to the sea under the guidance of Augustus.

He reached the seashore on July 19, 1821, having come from Fort Enterprise, a distance of 334 miles, of which 217 were traversed by water, while for 117 miles the canoes and baggage were dragged over snow and ice. The first objective of the expedition had been gained.

The second was to be the survey of the coast-line to the East, but this no longer appeared so simple as it had done when planned in England; the difficulty of food supply was now realised. The British officers, however, were delighted to see the sea again, and thought they could hardly fail to do better on their own element. They started therefore in high spirits on what can only be described as a month's naval picnic. Every day they made what progress they could along the deeply indented coast-line, mapping all the headlands and bays, and naming them after friends at home. Every night they came ashore to sleep and kill game; at times they lived well, at times they nearly starved; they ate anything and everything: deer, reindeer, fish, fat bears, lean bears, wild swans, cranes, musk-oxen, geese—even seals and white foxes. But the time came when this hand-to-mouth picnic had to end; the weather became extremely rough, the Canadian *voyageurs*, who were only freshwater sailors, were terrified by the height of the waves, and the canoes had to keep near the shore, where they found calmer water but were in danger of sunken rocks. Franklin saw that he could do no further surveying, for he could not

pass with any hope of safety outside the eastern end of the great sound in which he had hitherto been sailing—the bay now called Bathurst Sound, but named by the expedition George IV.'s Coronation Gulf. He had also to think of his return to Fort Enterprise; and there was a reason beyond all these, which gave him great pain—he discovered that his men, who had hitherto shown courage beyond his expectation, had now so completely lost their nerve that they expressed their fear even in the presence of their officers. On August 12, after consulting his staff, he decided to turn in four days' time; the distance accomplished was 550 miles, and he had seen enough to convince him of the existence of a continuous coast-line—that is to say of a navigable passage from sea to sea.

5. THE BARREN GROUNDS

Franklin's original intention had been to return by way of the Coppermine River, find The Hook and his hunters, and travel to Slave Lake through the woods by the Great Bear and Marten Lakes; for it was of course impossible to travel upstream on so swift and strong a river as the one by which they had come down. This plan was evidently no longer feasible; the coast voyage had brought the explorers further than they expected, and their provisions were too scanty for the return journey, especially as it would take them through a desolate country known as the Barren Grounds. This must be crossed by the shortest possible cut. Franklin determined to make for Arctic Sound, an inlet to the south-west, where he had found the animals rather more numerous than elsewhere along the coast. From there he could make his way up Hood's River as far as it was navigable, and then break up his large canoes and use the materials to make smaller ones which could be carried across the portages of the Barren Grounds and so back to Fort Enterprise. There he would find Mr. Wentzel and Akaitcho's hunters, with fresh stores of meat.

The weather now turned stormy and delayed his departure from his comfortless camp, which he named Point Turnagain. He had a day of great anxiety too : Junius had shot a deer, and Belanger the *voyageur* and Michel the Iroquois went out to help him bring it in. None of them returned, and a search party found them after twenty-four hours badly frozen, quite lost, and without the deer, which they had found but abandoned. Then Augustus got lost too, and was out all night. Finally, the start was made on August 22, and the spirits of all rose ; but their hunting that day was a failure, and they had to go to sleep dinnerless. After this, in bad weather and on a level of frozen rocks, the food supply became a very grim problem. By September 6 all the store of pemmican was eaten, and only a little arrowroot and portable soup left. The Canadians began to weaken, and were repeatedly blown down by the wind while carrying the boats. On the 7th Benoit fell so heavily as to break the largest canoe beyond repair. On the same day Franklin himself fainted on the march. That morning they made the best of a bad business by using the broken canoe for firewood and serving out the last of the soup and arrowroot.

In the afternoon they discovered a new resource, which helped them considerably for many days after. They entered a tract of country where the rocks were covered with a lichen called by the Canadians *tripe de roche*, not very nourishing but eatable enough. With half a partridge each they made a slender supper of this, and then slept in their damp clothes. But they took off their shoes and socks and lay upon them to prevent them from freezing ; and this now became their regular practice. It is a vivid touch of hardship ; but in the matter of shoes there was a worse extremity to come.

Two Alpine hares were killed on September 9, and 4 lb. of meat was robbed from a wolf's half-eaten dinner ;

on the 10th a musk-ox was shot. After that, berries and a single partridge kept the party for two days; *tripe de roche* was not agreeing with their stomachs. The men's packs were now lightened by abandoning everything except ammunition and the instruments necessary for finding the way. Franklin lent his gun to St. Germain, and Hood lent his to Michel the Iroquois, and rewards were offered for any animals killed by any of the party. Michel was the most eager and successful; and Perrault the Canadian distinguished himself on September 14 by an act of great kindness and loyalty. Seeing the officers standing round a small fire, and no doubt talking gravely, he came up and presented each of them with a small piece of meat, which by great self-denial he had saved from his own allowance. Franklin says this filled their eyes with tears, being totally unexpected in a *voyageur*, for these men had not always behaved well.

Later in the day a very trying incident occurred. A river was to be crossed, and Franklin was to go first with St. Germain and Belanger. The stream was about 300 yards wide, and flowed with great velocity through a broken rocky channel. At the smoothest place the canoe was placed in the water at the head of a rapid, and the three travellers embarked. In mid-channel, the canoe became difficult to manage; the wind caught it, and the current drove it to the edge of the rapids. Belanger made a violent effort to keep off, lost his balance, and the canoe went over in the middle of the rapids. All three men kept hold of it until they came to a rock where the water was only waist deep; there they stood fast and emptied the canoe. Belanger then held it steady while Franklin and St. Germain got on board; but he then found that he could not embark himself, for the moment he raised his feet from the rock the boat would have been swept down the rapids again. He therefore pushed the other two off towards shore and stayed on the rock himself. Franklin and St. Germain struck another rock,

sank, stood up again in shallow water, and emptied the boat once more ; then got across at the third attempt.

Meantime, poor Belanger was suffering extremely, standing up to his middle in water very little above freezing-point, with all his clothes soaking and a cold wind cutting him. He called piteously for help, and St. Germain tried to get to him in the canoe, but it was carried past him by the current. The Canadian Adam then tried, but he too failed. The slings of the men's loads were then tied together to make a rope, and the canoe was paid out on this, but it broke with the force of the stream. A second attempt was made with a small cord from one of the nets, and this time the canoe passed so near to Belanger that he caught it ; but before he could get on board he was carried down through the rapids and dragged ashore perfectly insensible. By Dr. Richardson's orders he was instantly stripped and rolled in blankets ; then two men stripped and lay down on each side of him, to act as living hot bottles ; but it was some hours before he recovered enough to be put to bed in front of a fire. Franklin was then rescued by Augustus, who brought the canoe across and took him back with the greatest coolness and skill. His sensations while he was on the farther bank, watching the attempts to save Belanger, were, he says, indescribable. He was alone, with nearly 300 yards of water between him and his whole party, without food, gun, hatchet, or the means of making a fire, and there were his companions risking their lives and their only remaining canoe in attempting a rescue which he was too far off to see distinctly. He paced up and down that rocky shore in wet and freezing clothes while the whole fate of his expedition hung on a small cord and the skill of one man. But no man ever had a stouter heart, and by noon next day he had got all the party going again, including even the half-drowned Belanger.

For several days after this game almost entirely failed

them ; they lived on *tripe de roche* and a few partridges, pieces of skin, and old bones of deer, and even their own old shoes. On September 22 their last canoe was broken by several severe falls, and the *voyageurs* demanded that it should be abandoned. Franklin refused, but they threw it down and left it while he was following another track in search of Dr. Richardson, who had strayed. These men were now quite furious, believing that the Indian hunters had played false with the expedition ; but the officers were firm, and the situation was saved on the 25th by the appearance of a herd of deer, out of which five were shot.

They were now at the east end of Point Lake. Mr. Back was sent forward with the interpreters to search for game ; and Junius and the *voyageur* Crédit also went off in another direction. On the 28th, camp was pitched by the Coppermine River, here 130 yards wide, which Franklin decided to cross by means of a raft. This was built of willows, but there was no wood for oars or paddles, and the men were becoming hopeless when Dr. Richardson volunteered to swim across with a towing-line. He got nearly across, but first his arms became powerless, and then his legs ; at last he sank, and was hauled back nearly lifeless. He was stripped and rolled in blankets, and at sight of his skeleton-like body the Canadians all burst into a cry of “ Ah ! que nous sommes maigres ! ” They were at any rate less lean than their officers, for they had not only stolen rations but had often eaten the partridges they shot instead of bringing them back for the common stock.

Back now returned, and St. Germain set to work to build a new canoe out of the fragments of canvas in which the men carried their bedding. In this he succeeded, on October 4, in crossing the river, and eventually in transporting the whole party. Franklin then immediately sent Back forward again with three men to search for the Indians, and if necessary to push on to Fort Enterprise ;

the spirits of the *voyageurs* rose incredibly, and they insisted on shaking hands with their officers. But their troubles were not yet over : they weakened day by day, and could no longer carry their loads. The stronger ones wished to go ahead and leave the weaker. Hood, who was growing very weak, and Richardson, who was lame, now offered to stay behind with a single attendant and ten days' supply of *tripe de roche*, while Franklin and the rest went on to Fort Enterprise. Franklin was much distressed, and argued with them for a long time, but at last he had the good sense to agree ; he left them John Hepburn and a barrel of powder, and pushed on. Richardson and Hepburn were in fact fit enough to go with him ; they were risking themselves for Hood's sake.

Franklin's forced march was a terrible one ; Crédit was still missing somewhere in the rear, Vaillant was too exhausted to be moved, Perrault and Fontano soon turned dizzy and collapsed. He pushed on with only Adam and three others, and reached Winter River at last without a morsel of food left ; there were reindeer in sight, but all four men were now too feeble to follow them or raise a gun. But they were within one day of home ; they crept under their blankets and " kept up a cheerful conversation " in place of supper. Next day they lived on a little tea and some shoes, and made straight for the house in silence, agitated with hopes and fears. The fears had it : Fort Enterprise was perfectly desolate, without a trace of the Indians, of Wentzel, or of any kind of provisions. The whole party realised not only their own fate but that of their friends in the rear, and there was not one of them who could refrain from tears.

6. RED MEN, BEST AND WORST

After the first bitter moment of disappointment Franklin regained the vigour of mind for which he was always remarkable, and began to form his plans. A note was found from Mr. Back, stating that he had

reached the house two days ago and had gone in search of the Indians, intending to make his way if necessary as far as Fort Providence. But Franklin knew how weak Back and his companion St. Germain must now be, and how long supplies would be coming from such a distance ; moreover there were Hood and his party to be supplied immediately. He determined therefore to go in search of the Indians himself, as soon as he could get his party to face another effort. In the meantime he looked about for food, and thought himself lucky to find several old deerskins, and some bones in the ash-heap ; with these and some *tripe de roche* he thought he could keep his party alive for a few days.

That night Augustus appeared unexpectedly, and on the 13th Belanger returned with another note from Back, asking for fresh instructions, as he had failed to find the Indians at or near Winter River. Franklin replied, telling him to rendezvous at Reindeer Lake, where he would join him on the way to Fort Providence, for he was now convinced that the Indians must be there. Belanger started on his return journey on the 18th, after trying hard to conceal from Franklin where he had left Back and St. Germain—he was afraid the whole party might follow him and take a share of the food that St. Germain killed.

His selfishness was quite unnecessary, for the men were most of them hopelessly unfit to move ; Adam's limbs were so swollen that he could not march at all. When the time came Franklin could only take with him Augustus and Benoit, and the little party of three could hardly crawl along. But the others gave them a brave send-off, and they did four miles in six hours' walking. They supped on deerskin and tea, and found the night bitterly cold.

Next morning they started again, but had not gone many yards when Franklin fell between two rocks and broke both his snow-shoes. He made a plucky attempt to keep up with the others in spite of this ; but he soon became exhausted, and saw that he was only delaying

them and endangering the whole expedition. He therefore wrote directions for them to take on to Back, and himself returned alone to Fort Enterprise. He found the *voyageurs* much weaker and in tears.

That evening, as they all sat round the fire, talking of the coming relief, a noise was heard in the other room. "Ah ! le monde !" exclaimed Peltier joyfully, making sure that the Indians had come. But to his great disappointment it was not the Indians who entered, but Richardson and Hepburn. Franklin was of course very happy to see them, but they looked miserably emaciated, and he hardly dared to ask after their companions. Richardson told him the news briefly, and it was terrible. Perrault and Fontano had never been seen again ; Hood and Michel were dead. No more was told at that time, for they knew that they could bear no more on either side. Richardson even asked the party in the house to speak more cheerfully, not realising that his own tones were equally weak and sepulchral. The seven men supped ravenously upon a single partridge, and the Doctor, having saved his prayer-book, read evening prayers before they went to bed.

It was not till after supper next day that Dr. Richardson's narrative was told. After Richardson, Hood, and Hepburn had voluntarily remained behind, in hope of a speedy rescue, they were joined by Michel the Iroquois, who immediately killed some game for them. He had been sent by Franklin with a note, saying that Perrault and Belanger would also join the party ; but these two, he said, had left him on the way ; and he declared that Perrault had given him Franklin's gun and bullets, which he had been carrying. Neither Perrault nor Belanger was ever seen again ; but a piece of wolf's flesh in Michel's possession was afterwards found to be part of a human body.

Michel's manner now became surly and difficult : sometimes he hunted, sometimes he refused to hunt. On the

19th of October he would not even help to carry a log to the fire, and when Hood lectured him on his duty he exclaimed : “ It is no use hunting, there are no animals : you had better kill and eat *me*.” The next day, Sunday, while Richardson was gathering *tripe de roche* after morning service, and Hepburn was cutting down a tree for fuel, Hood was left sitting by the fire, arguing again with Michel, who showed great unwillingness to hunt, and was hanging about under pretence of cleaning his gun.

Richardson heard a shot fired, but thought nothing of it until ten minutes afterwards, when Hepburn’s voice was heard shouting to him, in great alarm, to come directly. When he reached the fireside he found Hood lying lifeless, with a bullet wound through his forehead. For a moment he thought with horror that the poor fellow might have killed himself in a fit of despondency ; then he remembered Michel, and examined the wound. The bullet had been fired into the back of the head, and the gun had been held so close that Hood’s cap was burnt behind.

Michel’s account of it was that Mr. Hood had sent him into the tent for the short gun, and in his absence the long gun had gone off, he could not tell how. But the long gun was so long that no man could have shot himself with it in any position. Michel repeatedly protested that he was incapable of having committed murder, and Richardson dared not openly show his suspicions ; but it was noted that Michel after this never left the two Englishmen alone together, and he knew enough English to understand if they had spoken of the subject in his hearing.

On the 23rd the diminished party set out to march for Fort Enterprise ; for it was only Hood’s weak condition that had kept them behind the others. Michel and Hepburn each carried one of the guns, and Richardson had a small pistol, which Hepburn had loaded for him. Michel’s conduct soon became alarming ; he assumed a tone of superiority, and expressed his hatred of the white people,

or French, as he called them ; some of them, he said, had killed and eaten his uncle and other relatives. It became plainer every moment that he had the two Englishmen in his power ; they were very weak and badly armed, while he had the best gun, two pistols, an Indian bayonet and a knife, and the strength to use them. The crisis came in the afternoon, when he made some *tripe de roche* an excuse to lag behind, saying that he would catch the others up shortly. It was more than probable that he meant to attack them while they were in the act of encamping ; in any case they were doomed, and Hepburn took this opportunity to offer to make an attack upon their crazy enemy.

Richardson, however, could not leave so great a responsibility to a subordinate. He was thoroughly convinced of his own duty, and he did it with unshaken nerve. He waited for the Iroquois, who at last came up, and of course without the *tripe de roche* which had been his excuse ; then with the single shot from his pistol he killed him instantly. Six days afterwards he and Hepburn stumbled into Fort Enterprise.

It is hardly necessary to say that this stern execution was approved by all those to whom the facts were now told ; but the story cast a deep gloom over the whole party. This was much increased by the illness of Franklin, Hepburn, and Adam, all of whom suffered from weakness and swellings ; Richardson too was declining in strength. The general lassitude was such that it became too great a labour to separate the hair from the deerskins on which they were mainly living, so that they actually ate less than their stock afforded, and of course increased their weakness still more. They generally succeeded in sleeping at night, and their dreams were pleasant, being for the most part about the enjoyments of feasting. But Franklin notes that as their bodily strength decayed, their minds also weakened, and they became unreasonably irritable with each other. They could not bear even the smallest kind-

ness one from another, or assistance of any kind. Hepburn, who kept his sense of humour, was heard to remark : " Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings."

On November 7 Adam was apparently dying ; Franklin was with him, and the Doctor and Hepburn were cutting wood outside, when a shot was heard. They could not believe their senses, until a shout followed, and they saw three Indians close to the house. Richardson hurried in with the joyful news, but poor Adam could scarcely understand it ; when the Indians actually entered he attempted to rise, and sank down again. But he began to mend from that moment.

The Indians had left Akaitcho's camp only two days before, after Back had found them. They brought a note from him, and some meat, on which the starving expedition badly over-ate itself, in spite of the Doctor's warning. After an hour's rest, one of the Indians, named Boudel-Kell, returned to Akaitcho with the news, and a request for more food ; the other two, Crooked-Foot and The Rat, remained to take care of the sufferers. Franklin was very greatly impressed by their efficiency and kindness ; they were in every way as good as a trained ambulance. They began by clearing the house of the accumulations of dirt and pounded bones, and keeping up large and cheerful fires, which produced a novel sensation of comfort among their patients. They carried in the pile of dried wood by the riverside, on which the Englishmen had often cast longing eyes, when they were too weak to drag it up the bank. Franklin says that they " set about everything with an activity that amazed us. Indeed, contrasted with our emaciated figures and extreme debility, their frames appeared to us gigantic and their strength supernatural. These kind creatures next turned their attention to our personal appearance, and prevailed upon us to shave and wash ourselves. The beards of the Doctor and Hepburn had been untouched since they left the sea-coast, and were

become of a hideous length, and peculiarly offensive to the Indians." Hepburn was soon getting better, and Adam recovered his strength with amazing rapidity.

Next day Crooked-Foot further distinguished himself by catching four large trout in Winter Lake, which were a very welcome variety of food. Then the weather changed to snow, and the Indians seemed to become despondent. On the night of November 13 they silently vanished away ; but in two days Crooked-Foot reappeared, bringing with him two others, Thooee-Yorre and The Fop, whose wives also came, dragging a cargo of provisions. There was a note too from Back, who with his party was setting out for Fort Providence. Franklin at once resolved to do the same ; and on November 16 the start was made.

Franklin writes feelingly of the emotions with which he and his friends left Fort Enterprise, where they had formerly enjoyed comfort and even happiness, but latterly had experienced a degree of misery hardly to be paralleled. "The Indians," he adds, "treated us with the utmost tenderness, gave us their snow-shoes, and walked without themselves, keeping by our sides that they might lift us when we fell. They prepared our encampment, cooked for us, and fed us as if we had been children ; evincing humanity that would have done honour to the most civilised people."

On the 26th they reached the abode of Akaitcho, where they were received in the Chief's tent with looks of compassion and a profound silence of sympathy, which lasted a quarter of an hour. Conversation did not begin till they had tasted food ; and Akaitcho showed the most friendly hospitality, even to cooking with his own hands, an office which he never performed for himself. His brothers, Anncehai-Yazzeh and Humpy, with their families, also came in to express their sympathy.

On December 1 the party set out again under escort of the Indians, and on the 6th they were met by a convoy from Fort Providence bringing supplies and some letters

from England. By these they learnt of the successful termination of Captain Parry's voyage ; and of the promotion of Franklin and Back, and Hood too, for whom this news made them grieve afresh. Two days afterwards, after a long conference with Akaitcho and the distribution of many presents, they took leave of him and his kind and faithful Indians, and pushed on in dog sledges to Fort Providence. Akaitcho, however, with his whole band, rejoined them there on December 14, and smoked one more pipe with them, made them more than one more speech, and ended by expressing a strong desire that the character of his nation should be favourably represented in England. " I know," he said, " you write down every occurrence in your books ; but probably you have only noticed the bad things we have said and done, and have omitted to mention the good." Next day the expedition left for Moose-Deer Island, and he and his men bade them farewell, with a warmth of manner rare among the Indians.

Franklin and his party rested at Moose-Deer Island till May 25, and nearly regained their ordinary health. Their stores arrived from the coast, and they were thus enabled to send full payment to their Indian friends, with an additional present of ammunition. They then left for Fort Chipewyan, and finally reached York Factory on July 14, 1822, having been three years all but a month on their long, fatiguing, successful and disastrous expedition, and having journeyed in Canada by water and by land no less than 5550 miles.

II

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

1. THE YOUTH OF AN APOSTLE

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, like John Franklin, may be described as a born traveller ; he had in a high degree the qualities which are most necessary for living in the wilds, mingling with strange or primitive races, and coping with every kind of hardship and difficulty. But he differed in one respect from all the other characters in this book : travelling was never his object in life. His impulse came not from the love of wandering, or of exploring, or of any of the natural sciences, but from an ardent desire to convert the heathen to civilisation and especially to the religion of Christianity. Everything else was for him only a means to this end ; and all his long and adventurous journeys, all his geographical and scientific discoveries, were merely the wayside experiences and chance encounters of a life devoted to this more urgent and absorbing business. By birth he was a Scotsman and a Highlander ; his family came from Ulver, the Isle of Wolves, one of that romantically beautiful group of islands which lies out to the westward of Mull like a flock of clouds in the sunset. David was the son of Niel, whose grandfather fell in the battle of Culloden, fighting for Prince Charlie, and whose father left Ulver and went to live at Blantyre, near Glasgow. Niel was himself a man of character, and a leader among his neighbours. He was from his youth a great reader, especially of religious books, and he learned Gaelic in order to read the Bible to his mother, who knew that language better than English.

He belonged to a Missionary Society, and was so keen a member of it that he was said to have "the very soul of a missionary." It is clear that a good deal of his character was inherited by his second son, David, who was destined to display it in a far wider sphere.

David was born in 1813, and at the age of ten was sent to work in a factory, first as a "piecer," afterwards as a spinner. With part of his first week's wages he bought a book on the rudiments of Latin, and by attending an evening class he got far enough to be reading Virgil and Horace at sixteen. He also devoured all books that came his way, except novels, which were then considered irreligious. Besides, he could hardly have followed a story satisfactorily, for his plan was to place the book on the spinning-jenny and read in snatches as he passed to and fro at his work.

When he was in his twentieth year he began to think seriously about religion, and chanced to read Dick's "Philosophy of a Future State." A year later he read an appeal to the Churches on behalf of China, and felt inspired to go out to that country as a missionary. He applied accordingly to the London Missionary Society; but the "Opium War" was then going on, and from this and other causes it was not found possible to send him out at once. While waiting, he studied medicine in London, and made the acquaintance of Professor Owen and other scientific men. Finally, he was ordained in November 1840, and was then sent out to Africa to work in the Kuruman Mission in Bechuanaland. After two years he was authorised to form a new station; and during the next six years he actually founded the three stations of Mabotsa, Chonuanne, and Kolobeng. He also married—his wife was Mary, the daughter of Dr. Moffat, the well-known missionary—and made some real friendships among the native chiefs.

In July 1849, while going north to visit a famous chief, Sebituane, he skirted the great Kalahari desert, and

discovered the beautiful river Zouga ; then on August 1 he came to the head of Lake 'Ngami. This lake had never before been seen by any European, and both Sir James Alexander before him, and Francis Galton a year afterwards, failed to reach it. Exactly two years later Livingstone succeeded at last in visiting Sebituane, and pushed on as far as the town of Linyanti, beyond which, on August 3, 1851, he discovered the Upper Zambesi river. These journeys were appreciated and rewarded by the Royal Geographical Society, but his success exposed him to serious criticism in other quarters—he was said to be “ sinking the missionary in the explorer.” This was an untrue charge ; exploration was necessary in order to meet two great difficulties which hindered civilisation in the Africa of that day. One was the closing of certain territories by the Boers, who were then a wandering people ; the other was the rapid development of the slave trade among the native tribes. Livingstone was determined to combat both these influences ; the Boers he foresaw would eventually find our civilisation too powerful for them—the time would come when they would no longer be able to kill black men at will, on the plea that they had no souls. About the cruelty of the natives to each other he felt more impatient, and he wrote home almost fiercely. “ The more intimately I become acquainted with barbarians the more disgusting does heathenism appear. It is inconceivably vile. . . . They never visit anywhere but for the purpose of plunder and oppression. They never go anywhere but with a club or spear in hand.” He was sickened and haunted by the sight of lines of slaves marching chained together, and of children being snatched from their mother's side to be sent to a distant market. Even the friendly chief Sekelétu suddenly one day in Livingstone's own presence ordered two traitors to be executed ; they were hewn in pieces with axes before his eyes, and then thrown to the crocodiles.

Livingstone felt strongly that a forward policy was

needed here; the only way to put an end to such horrors was to let daylight into the interior of Africa. He resolved to make a beginning by forcing his way through from Linyanti to Loanda; it might cost him his life, but he had "fully made up his mind as to the path of duty." To his brother-in-law, Robert Moffat, he wrote: "I shall open up a path into the interior, or perish."

2. FROM LINYANTI TO LOANDA

Linyanti lies in latitude 18.9 S. and to the north-east of Lake 'Ngami; Loanda is on the west coast in the Portuguese territory south of the Congo. The distance between the two is well over 1000 miles as the crow flies; by Livingstone's route it is nearer 1500, and had never before been traversed by any European. The journey took over six months, from November 11, 1853, to May 31, 1854, and was not only the most original but the most difficult and dangerous that he had yet attempted. The course of it was first up the Barotse valley, by which the Zambesi comes curving down from the north; this he navigated with a flotilla of thirty canoes and then went on up its tributary the Leeba, which joins it from the north-west. When the upper waters of the Leeba were reached, the canoes were abandoned and Livingstone mounted his ox for the march across the high ground to the N.N.W., finally turning due west and working down to Loanda, which lies on the sea-level more than 3000 feet below.

In this long journey the points in the leader's favour were few, those against him many. The hundred and sixty "Makalolo," or Barotse men, who went with him were faithful and patient—"the best," he says, "that ever accompanied me"; but, on the other hand, they were very tame savages and easily cowed by the more ferocious ones they encountered. The scenery was for a great part of the way beautiful: the rich valleys reminded him of his native Vale of Clyde and other Scottish landscapes. But in the lower country he suffered from almost incessant

attacks of fever, and in the latter stages of the journey from dysentery. Food was often scarce, and never suitable for a fever-stricken man. Worse still was the lack of proper drugs—the greater part of his supply of medicines was stolen at the start, and it was, of course, impossible to replace them. The disastrous effect of this loss cannot be over-estimated, for the leader was often desperately weak and depressed in body and mind at the very moment when the greatest courage and energy were demanded of him. Once, when he was shaking with fever, his riding-ox threw him and he fell heavily on to his head ; another time, when he was crossing a river, the ox tossed him into the water ; heavy rains drenched him continually, and there were always streams to be waded, sometimes three or four in one day. Then, when he was feeling least able to deal with an enemy or take a decision some hostile chief would bar the way, exacting an exorbitant price for permission to travel across his little territory ; and Livingstone must stand and argue with him, buying him off in the end with guns or oxen, which he could very ill spare, and hard put to it to save even his men, who were demanded of him for slaves. There is no need to enlarge on hardships like these, or to say anything of the courage and resoluteness of the man who could bear the whole burden of them alone, and carry his timid and ignorant followers through with him to the very end.

The journey began with a very cheering success ; the expedition met a trader with eighteen captured men, destined to slavery, and Livingstone boldly summoned him to set them free. It must have been quite evident that he had no intention of using any but moral force, but the man gave way and the eighteen prisoners were released. It is very remarkable to hear how the influence of this single white man, without arms or official backing, often prevailed over the feelings of the savage chiefs, so that they not only let him pass unmolested, but supplied him with provisions. Some, on the other hand, black-

mailed him ruthlessly. One day, after leaving the Zambesi, the expedition was in straits for food, and a riding-ox had to be killed. In accordance with custom, a share was sent to the local chief, but instead of being at all mollified by this, the chief sent an impudent message next day demanding much more valuable presents. His people crowded round Livingstone, threatening him with their weapons, and the end seemed to have come ; but Livingstone's nerve held good, and he smiled and talked them into reason.

Some days after this, the same kind of agony was experienced again, but it was more prolonged, and Livingstone suffered more, for he was ill of fever at the time. The expedition was passing through a tract of forest and expected to be attacked at any moment. When they came near to the chief's village Livingstone went fearlessly in, and spoke to the chief in person ; the palaver seemed to be successful, and welcome presents were sent to the traveller's camp—yams, a goat, fowls, and other meat. Livingstone returned the compliment with a shawl and some bunches of beads, and thought that all was going well. In the excitement of the interview he even threw off his fever, or at any rate forgot it, but of course he paid for this afterwards with a great sense of sinking and "perfect uselessness," the more depressing to him because the day was Sunday, and he was unequal to the usual service. On Monday, when he was at the lowest ebb, the chief turned round upon him and made fresh demands. It was, says Livingstone, "a day of torture. . . . After talking nearly the whole day we gave the old chief an ox, but he would not take it, but another. I was grieved exceedingly to find that our people had become quite disheartened, and all resolved to return home. All I can say has no effect. I can only look up to God to influence their minds, that the enterprise fail not now that we have reached the very threshold of the Portuguese settlements. I am greatly distressed at this change, for what else can be done for

this miserable land I do not see." This, however, was only a groan to himself in his Journal ; outwardly he was still confident and tactful. By Wednesday morning he had persuaded both the old chief and his own men, and was on his way again.

The next two encounters were still more trying ones, for as the end of the march drew near, the stock of articles available for presents or blackmail was almost entirely exhausted. On the next Sunday but one after the crisis just recorded, another chief demanded tribute, and Livingstone having hardly anything left to bargain with fell back upon simple passive resistance. He told the chief that he might kill him if he chose, and God would judge between them. On Monday the chief gave way ; for in that country the natives believed in a Supreme Being and in the continued existence of the soul after death, though in a fashion of their own they imagined the dead man's spirit to be reincarnated in an alligator, a hippopotamus, or a lion. This belief was the cause of one of the few amusing incidents in a very trying journey. Livingstone had provided himself with a magic lantern, and used it during his sermons, to show pictures of Abraham offering up Isaac, and other Biblical scenes. He found this a very popular method, but the congregation refused to stand on one side of the camera—the side on which the slides were drawn out, and to which therefore the picture seemed to move and disappear. They were terrified lest the figures, as they passed along, should enter into their bodies and take possession of them.

The last blackmailing crisis came on the following day—Tuesday. The expedition had reached the river Kwango, in Portuguese territory, when it was once more stopped, and in his eagerness to get through this last obstacle Livingstone was ready to give up everything he had left—his razors and shirts had gone and even the copper ornaments of his faithful Makololo, and he had made up his mind, he says, to part with his blanket and coat, to buy a

passage through. At the last moment a young Portuguese sergeant, named Cypriano de Abrao, suddenly made his appearance, and the difficulty was instantly at an end.

The outlying Portuguese stations were now at hand, and Livingstone was everywhere received with great kindness ; his wants were generously supplied, one Portuguese gentleman giving him a new suit of clothes and another the first wine he had ever tasted in Africa. The traders all assured him that they hated the slave trade, and even when he afterwards discovered that this profession of theirs did not exactly tally with the facts, he never ceased to be grateful for their genuine kindness to himself. It was only in his Journal that he allowed himself to express his doubts by marginal notes of interrogation.

He reached St. Paul de Loanda, the end of his journey, on May 31, 1854, with the twenty-seven men who had accompanied him after the canoes were sent back. He was there laid low almost immediately by a long and distressing attack of fever and dysentery, and he had to endure the great disappointment of finding not a single letter waiting for him. He was himself a great letter writer, and would in any case have felt this a privation ; but now it was also a cause of real anxiety, for it seemed clear that all his friends and even his own family must have given him up for lost. In this trying time he was most kindly cared for by Mr. Edmund Gabriel, the British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade, who was naturally in full sympathy with his views on the welfare of Africa.

Under Mr. Gabriel's care he gradually recovered his strength, and on September 24 he started on his return journey. This time his preparations were better made, and the difficulties were far less formidable ; but owing to sickness and delays the distance took nearly twice as long to cover. He reached Linyanti on September 11, 1855, stayed there till November 3, and then fulfilled his amazing enterprise by travelling the whole way across to the east coast, discovering the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi on his

route. He reached Quilimane in Portuguese East Africa on May 20, 1856, having this time traversed the continent from sea to sea.

He then started home, and arrived in England on December 9, 1856, after an absence of more than sixteen years. His reception was a great one. The Royal Geographical Society had already, in May 1855, voted him their Gold Medal, and his volume of *Missionary Travels* was now acclaimed by every one : travellers, geographers, zoologists, astronomers, missionaries, physicians, and mercantile directors all admired in him a man who had gained for them at first hand knowledge for which they might otherwise have waited long, and no one who loves courage and endurance could fail to be interested in a story so adventurous. Here and there some pious people regretted once more his exploring activity ; but Livingstone only said, " My views of what is *missionary* duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm."

3. FIGHTING THE SLAVE TRADERS

In February 1858 Dr. Livingstone was formally recognised as a public servant of the first importance in a line of his own ; he was appointed British Consul at Quilimane for the eastern coast and the independent districts in the interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. He sailed accordingly from Liverpool on March 10, taking with him his wife, and the sections of a steam launch named with her African name, the *Ma-Robert*, and intended for the navigation of the Zambesi. Mrs. Livingstone was ill, and had to be put ashore at Capetown. Her husband reached the mouth of the Zambesi on May 14 and fitted the *Ma-Robert* together on May 16, in spite of the day being a Sunday ; for the work had to be done in a mango swamp, and the risk of fever was one which he had only too much reason to dread.

The task now before him can best be understood by a

glance at the map. If a line is drawn from Loanda to Quilimane—the line of Livingstone's last journey—it will have to the south of it all that was then known of the interior of Africa South and Central, namely Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, the two Portuguese territories on the west and east coasts, the two territories now named Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and the territory for some years known as German South-West Africa. These were still largely barbarous and unsettled lands, but they had at any rate been opened up and their geography was fairly well ascertained. But to the north of Livingstone's line lay vast regions still quite unexplored : to the north-west the dense forests of the Congo ; to the north-east a legendary land of great lakes, among which it was believed that the sources of the Nile might one day be found.

This latter region had already attracted British travellers. While Livingstone was in England the Royal Geographical Society had marked as a born explorer Captain Richard Burton, who had already made three expeditions to Arabia and Somaliland, and at their suggestion Captain Burton and Lieutenant Speke were sent out by the Foreign Office to survey the unknown Lake district of Equatorial Africa. They entered from the east coast and were successful in their attempt ; they were the first Europeans to see Lake Tanganyika, which they reached in February 1858. Burton then fell ill, but by July he had roughly mapped out the country from Arab information, and during his disablement Speke went further north and found the Ukerewe Lake, or Victoria Nyanza, exactly where Burton had placed it on his map.

This part then of the work of opening up Central Africa was already done, but between Tanganyika and Portuguese East Africa there still lay a large tract unexplored—the territory now called North Eastern Rhodesia. It is a queerly shaped piece of country with a long tongue projecting down into the very middle of the Portuguese

territory and extending to within 100 miles of the coast. Down this tongue the Shiré river runs to join the Zambesi, and after some delay Livingstone determined to use the Shiré as his highway to the north. The *Ma-Robert* turned out a great failure : her consumption of fuel was enormous, she snorted so horribly that she was called "The Asthmatic," and she went so slowly that canoes could easily pass her. Still she made in 1859 three trips up the Shiré, where no white man had ever been seen before. The natives were war-like and suspicious ; crowds of them followed the little steamer and kept watch over it day and night, ready with bows and poisoned arrows. Nevertheless, Livingstone succeeded in establishing friendly relations with them.

On the second journey he made a *détour* to the east and discovered "a magnificent inland lake" named Lake Shirwa, which was absolutely unknown to the Portuguese. It was close to their nominal boundary, but the natives had never allowed them to enter the Shiré country. "The lake," Livingstone wrote to his daughter Agnes, "was very grand, for we could not see the end of it, though some way up a mountain ; and all around it are mountains much higher than any you see in Scotland. One mountain stands in the lake, and people live on it. Another, called Zomba, is more than 6000 feet high, and people live on it too, for we could see their gardens on its top, which is larger than from Glasgow to Hamilton, or about 15 to 18 miles. . . . No one was impudent to us except some slave traders ; but they became civil as soon as they learned we were English and not Portuguese. We saw the sticks they employ for training any one whom they have just bought. One is about 8 feet long : the head, or neck rather, is put into the space (at the forked end) and another slave carries the butt end. When they are considered tame they are allowed to go in chains. I am working in the hope that in the course of time this horrid system may cease."

On the third journey, in August, he discovered Lake Nyassa, an immensely greater lake farther to the north. The importance of the African lakes, and especially of Shirwa and Nyassa, lies in their position, parallel to the sea-coast. They form a long barrier through which traffic from the interior to the coast can only pass by certain gaps of which one is the Shiré highlands; and though it is a roundabout route, this was in fact the great highway for conveying slaves from the north and north-west to Zanzibar. Livingstone made plans for the establishment of a British colony in this country, to be a centre of civilisation and block the slave-route.

After this, nearly two years were spent in starting the Universities Mission; then at the end of April 1862 Mrs. Livingstone died at Shupanga, after a few days' illness. As soon as he could rally from this heavy blow Dr. Livingstone put together a new steamer, the *Lady Nyassa*, and began to explore the Rovuma river which runs from near the east side of Lake Nyassa to the sea at Cape Delgado. He was spurred on to almost desperate energy by the fact that his discoveries had actually stimulated the activity of the slave-hunters and slave-traders, under the protection of the Portuguese local authorities. This was "opening up the country" in a disastrous sense, and a struggle began between Livingstone and the traders which ended for the time in his defeat. The desolation caused by Marianno, the Portuguese slave-agent, was heartbreaking. Livingstone's boat steamed through the floating bodies of runaway slaves; in the morning the paddles had to be cleared of corpses caught by the floats during the night. When he landed he found even more terrible sights. "Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were seen in every direction. . . . A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east, and in one hut of the same village no fewer than twenty drums had been collected, probably the ferryman's fees. Many had ended their misery under

shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others lay in the huts with closed doors, which when opened disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow, the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the Middle Passage (at sea), however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave trade—that monster iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established.”

This was a moderate statement and a common-sense view, but it was not likely to commend itself to Marianno, or the local authorities who supported him, or to the Portuguese Government at home, who were restive at being remonstrated with by the British Government and wished to keep the rivers shut against Dr. Livingstone and his like. In July 1863 a despatch arrived from Earl Russell, intimating to Livingstone that he and his expedition were recalled. The reasons given by Earl Russell were Treasury reasons. The expedition, he said, though not through any fault of Dr. Livingstone's, had failed to accomplish the objects for which it had been designed, and had proved much more costly than was originally expected. The reasons not given, but probably felt quite as strongly, were Foreign Office reasons: relations with the Portuguese Government were becoming too uncomfortable; Dr. Livingstone's uncompromising and unconventional methods were perhaps inconsistent with the rights of a friendly Power. This possibility had been pointed out from the beginning by the Prince Consort, who had on this very ground refused to be Patron of the Universities Mission; and Livingstone received his recall with calmness, so far as his own Government was concerned. But towards the Portuguese he felt

very differently ; on them lay a grave responsibility for stopping the work which would have conferred untold blessings on Africa. The ending of the Universities Mission and all its hopes brought Livingstone to the hardest and most depressing moment of his career. He resolved to go home for a few months, and then to look for a new route to the interior of Africa, beyond the reach of Marianno and his supporters.

4. LOST TO THE WORLD

Livingstone went to England by way of Zanzibar and Bombay, making a stay of only a few days in India, and reaching London in July 1864. He spent a full year in England, and left again in August 1865 to make his third and last great African journey. His object, as stated by himself, was as follows : “ Our Government have supported the proposal of the Royal Geographical Society and have united with that body to aid me in another attempt to open Africa to civilising influences. I propose to go inland, north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavour to commence that system on the east which has been so successful on the west coast—combining the repressive efforts of Her Majesty’s cruisers with lawful trade and Christian Missions. I hope to ascend the Rovuma, or some other river north of Cape Delgado, and in addition to my other work, shall strive by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa and round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, to ascend the watershed of that part of Africa.” The first part of this scheme was his own, the second he had been urged to undertake by the Royal Geographical Society. He was once more given the honorary position of Consul, but the funds provided were utterly inadequate.

His outward journey was again by Bombay and Zanzibar, and on March 19, 1866, he left Zanzibar in H.M.S. *Penguin* for the mouth of the Rovuma. His company con-

sisted of thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyau. Musa, one of the Johanna men, had been a sailor in the *Lady Nyassa*; Susi and Amoda, the Shupanga men, had been woodcutters for another boat, the *Pioneer*; and the two Waiyau lads, Wikatani and Chuma, had been slaves, rescued in 1861 by Livingstone and kept at the mission station. Besides these there were six camels, three buffaloes and a calf, two mules and four donkeys; these were all brought from India as an experiment, to see if they could resist the bite of the tsetse-fly, and so solve one of the problems of Africa.

Livingstone had not one white companion with him on this long and formidable journey into the unknown, but he started in good spirits. He gives two reasons for this, and they almost sum up the man. "The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country is very great. . . . The sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God: it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing."

But in a very short time troubles began which cost him something more than the sweat of his brow. He reached Nyassa on August 8, bathed in the lake, and felt quite exhilarated. By the 28th he was writing to his son Thomas: "The Sepoys were morally unfit for travel, and then we had hard lines, all of us. Food was not to be had for love or money. Our finest cloths only brought miserable morsels of common grain. I trudged it the whole way, and having no animal food save what turtle-doves and guinea-fowls we occasionally shot, I became like one of Pharaoh's lean kine." Most of the Sepoys had to be sent back to the coast: they and the Nassick boys treated the transport animals abominably. The Johanna men were always stealing. The horrible traces of the slave trade were seen in every direction: women were found dead, tied to trees, or lying in the path shot and stabbed, merely for being unable to keep up with the march of the

slave gang ; men were found dying with the slave sticks still on their necks.

As a climax to all this came the strike of the Johanna men. Musa, one of the chief of them, was spoken to at Marenga's village in September by an Arab slaver, who told him that the country ahead was full of men of the warlike tribe of the Mazitu ; that they had recently killed forty-four Arabs and their followers at Kasunga, and he alone had escaped. At this Musa was panic-struck ; both Marenga and Livingstone assured him that the expedition was not going anywhere near the Mazitus, but he and all the other Johanna men were determined to go back to Zanzibar, and they went. Their action had extraordinary consequences. In order to get their pay at Zanzibar, when they arrived there in December, they had to give a plausible reason for coming back ; obviously the most suitable story was that their leader was no longer alive. Musa therefore stated positively that Livingstone had been murdered ; that he had crossed Lake Nyassa to its western or north-western shore and was pushing on, when beyond the villages of Matarka, Maconda, Marenga and Maksowa, a band of savages stopped the way and rushed upon the party. Livingstone, he said, fired twice and killed two ; but while he was reloading three men rushed upon him through the smoke, one of whom felled him with an axe stroke from behind, which nearly severed his head from his body. The Johanna men fled into the jungle, but afterwards returned, found their master's body, and buried it in a shallow grave dug with stakes.

Dr. Seward and Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, cross-examined Musa upon this story, but in the end they were convinced, and sent a statement home ; then, as a fast American ship happened to be sailing for Aden, Dr. Kirk wrote the following note to Mr. Bates, the acting Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, and it arrived before the despatches which had already gone by the Cape and St. Helena.

Zanzibar, Dec. 26, 1866.

MY DEAR BATES,—I have written fully to Sir Roderick (Murchison) three weeks ago with all the information we yet have got regarding poor Livingstone. . . . On the 5th of December nine Johanna men of the party which accompanied Dr. Livingstone came to Zanzibar, reporting that on the west of Nyassa, some time between the end of July and September, they were suddenly attacked by a band of Mazitu and that Dr. Livingstone, with half his party, were murdered. Those who returned escaped, as they say, through being behind and unseen, and they all depose to having helped to bury the dead body of their leader the same evening. Although in the details, and in other things, the accounts of the various men differ, they all agree that they saw the body and that it had one wound—that of an axe—on the back of the neck. One man saw the fatal blow given. The attack was sudden, but Dr. Livingstone had time to overpower those that faced him and was struggling to reload when cut down from behind. I fear the story is true, and that we shall never know more of its details. Full statements have gone home, but this may reach Aden by an American vessel. You will see if this arrives first that we have sad news for the Society on the way.

I remain,

Yours,

J. KIRK.

To the present generation it will not be easy to understand the excitement caused by this letter when it reached England early in 1867. Dr. Livingstone held much the same position with his fellow countrymen that General Gordon was to fill twenty-five years later; to perhaps three in four of them he was an almost legendary hero, to the rest a rather troublesome fanatic; but none would have denied that whatever he was, he was certainly the most famous man then living in the British Empire. His

adventures were as well known as the stories in the Bible, and the news of his death touched the pulse of millions. Opinion was sharply divided over it ; Kirk's letter seemed conclusive to the majority, but there was an unconvinced minority, and among them were those who were best qualified to judge. Mr. Edward Young, who had travelled with Livingstone in 1862, had seen something of Musa and knew him for a liar ; Mr. Horace Waller and Sir Roderick Murchison also disbelieved his story. So while " the country resounded with lamentations and the newspapers were full of obituary notices," the Royal Geographical Society organised a search expedition and gave Mr. Young the command of it.

He sailed on June 9, 1867, with three companions—Mr. Faulkner, John Reid, and Patrick Buckley ; they were in the mouth of the Zambesi by July 25, and quickly launched a steel boat named the *Search* and some smaller boats. With these they went swiftly up the Zambesi and Shiré, passed the Murchison cataracts by taking the *Search* to pieces and carrying it overland, then putting it together again above, without a hitch or a missing screw. They reached the south end of Lake Nyassa, and were there driven by a gale into a small bay. This was an almost incredible stroke of good fortune, for in this bay they came quite unexpectedly upon a native who told them that a white man had been there towards the end of the previous year ; and by his description this man was certainly Livingstone. The expedition had crossed then, not by the northern but the southern end of the lake ; Musa had given false evidence on this point, and he might well be false on the rest.

This was encouraging but not conclusive, and Mr. Young decided to search at an Arab crossing-place twenty miles farther up. He did so, and fell in with a large party of native fishermen, who had received presents from Livingstone, and recognised his photograph among a number of others. Other natives at the crossing-place told

him that Livingstone had tried to cross there, but had failed to get boats and had gone south. Mr. Young then went to Marenga, the point at which the Johanna men had turned back, and there the chief Marenga told how he himself had ferried Livingstone, who was a friend of his, across a small inlet of the lake. At Maksowa, two days farther on, a number of women were found who had been employed by Livingstone to carry his baggage twenty miles towards the north. Finally, at Maponda, the chief's mother assured Mr. Young that Livingstone had passed through there, and that some of his party had afterwards returned that way. All this evidence pointed to what was indeed the fact, that Livingstone had passed safely through the most dangerous section of his journey and gone on his way north, after being deserted by the cowardly Johanna men. The search expedition therefore turned back, and reached England with the welcome news by February 1868. Their success was finally confirmed on April 8 following, when letters were received in London from Livingstone himself, dated from a district far beyond the place where he was said to have been murdered. In reply, an account was sent off to inform Livingstone of the Young expedition and its return; the letter reached him in February 1870, exactly two years afterwards, and nothing could show more convincingly that Livingstone was now almost lost to the world of civilisation.

One and a half years passed, and then towards the end of 1869 another letter got through from Livingstone. It was dated on May 13, 1869, from Ujiji on the north-east shore of Lake Tanganyika, the advanced base to which he had ordered stores and letters to be sent. He had arrived there on March 14, after discovering Lake Bangweolo on the way; but the supplies he was expecting had been delayed or dispersed by a war which was raging on the lines of communication from the coast. Four months later his daughter Agnes heard from him that he was exploring the Manyema country to the west of Tanganyika; letters

had failed to reach him, but he had received from some unknown donor copies of the *Saturday Review* and a set of *Punch* for 1868, which were very welcome to him, for he had long ago lost all books but the Bible and Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," and of *Punch* he had always been especially fond.

Another long silence followed ; then in January 1871 came a letter dated September 1870 and written on a leaf of his cheque-book, all his note-paper being used up. He was then at Bamarré, on the way to the River Lualaba, where floods and lame feet kept him shut up for over seven months. "My chronometers are all dead," he writes. "I hope my old watch was sent to Zanzibar ; but I have got no letters for years, save some, three years old, at Ujiji. I have an intense and sore longing to finish and retire, and trust that the Almighty may permit me to go home." In another letter to his daughter Agnes he wrote at this time : "I felt all along sure that all my friends would wish me to make a complete work of it, and in that wish, in spite of every difficulty, I cordially joined. I hope to present to my young countrymen an example of manly perseverance. I shall not hide from you that I am made by it very old and shaky, my cheeks fallen in, space round the eyes, ditto ; mouth almost toothless—a few teeth that remain, out of their line, so that a smile is that of a he-hippopotamus."

These letters were the last received, and they were not such as to reassure any one. It was now more than five years since Livingstone had started on his journey, and all that was known of him was that at a date long past he was lying in a hut dead lame, with only three followers and no stores, at a distance of forty-five days' march from Ujiji, which was itself almost out of reach from England. Dis-may fell upon his friends throughout the English-speaking world. Meanwhile the undefeated traveller, ill and lame, was up again and turning homeward. On July 20, 1871, he started on his 600-mile tramp back to Ujiji ; he reached it on October 23, a living skeleton.

The cargo of merchandise which should have been there had indeed arrived, but the Arab Shereef, to whom it had been consigned, had sold the whole 3000 yards of calico and 700 lb. of beads, with which men were to have been hired for the journey to the coast. Shereef came, without shame, to salute Livingstone ; he said he had divined on the Koran, and found that the owner of the goods was dead and would not need them. Livingstone was not dead, but he was a beggar in a strange land, very far from home.

The most astounding reversal of fortune was awaiting him. Five days later a noise of guns and shouting was heard outside Ujiji ; the crowd rushed out, with all the Arab dignitaries among them ; a servant came running back to tell Livingstone that “ an Englishman was coming. Livingstone walked out from his house, and in a few minutes, in the sight of all Ujiji, he was standing under the American flag shaking hands with Henry Morton Stanley, of whom he had never heard in his life.

III

ROBERT SCOTT

1. TWICE TO THE ANTARCTIC

IN 1899 Sir Clements Markham, then President of the Royal Geographical Society, was actively engaged in furthering the exploration of the unknown Antarctic Continent. For leader of the proposed expedition his choice fell upon Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., whom he describes as "a rising naval officer, able, accomplished, popular, highly thought of by his superiors, and devoted to his noble profession." It was a serious responsibility, says Sir Clements, to induce Scott to take up the work of an explorer; yet no man living could be found who was so well fitted to command a great Antarctic Expedition.

The voyage was a complete success; Scott's discoveries were of great importance. He surveyed the Barrier Cliffs and sounded along them, discovered King Edward Land, Ross Island, and the other volcanic islets, and examined the Barrier surface. But his most interesting and important work was the discovery of the Victoria Mountains, a range of great height and many hundreds of miles in extent; and the remarkable journey towards the Pole, by which he ascertained that the South Pole is situated on a huge ice cap. But his equipment did not enable him to reach it on this occasion, and whatever he may have resolved about the future, on his return to England the Navy claimed his services, and he spent the next five years in working at the Admiralty and commanding battleships.

In 1910 he was once more free to accept the command of an expedition. The object this time was mainly scientific, to complete and extend his former work in all branches of science. For this his ship, the *Terra Nova*, was completely equipped—more completely, both as regards men and material, than any that had ever left these shores ; and the success of the expedition was proportionate. This time it was also part of Scott's plan to reach the South Pole, not only to make good his own belief that "there is no part of the world that *can* not be reached by man," but to achieve scientific results on the way, especially by investigating the geological formation of the great mountain range which he had discovered before. Public service and personal distinction—these were the desires which moved him, and how he thought of them may be seen from the quotation from Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which he wrote on the fly-leaf of his MS. book. "He is not worthy to live at all, who for fear and danger of death shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal."

The *Terra Nova* sailed first for New Zealand, where she arrived early in November 1910. Besides the ship's party of twelve officers and twenty men, she carried shore parties of seven officers and twelve scientific men. Scott's officers were Lieutenant Edward Evans, Lieutenant Victor Campbell, Lieutenant Henry Bowers, Captain Lawrence Oates (the Soldier), and Surgeons Levick and Atkinson. His scientific staff were Dr. Edward Wilson, zoologist ; Apsley Cherry-Garrard, assistant zoologist ; Dr. George Simpson, meteorologist ; Messrs. Taylor, Nelson, Debenham, Wright and Priestley, geologists, biologists and physicists ; Herbert Pointing, camera artist ; Cecil Meares, in charge of dogs ; Bernard Day, motor engineer ; and Tryggve Gran, a Norwegian naval officer, who went as ski expert. All these names deserve to be recorded ; some of them will be famous as long as Englishmen are proud of their breed.

The expedition left New Zealand on November 26, and

on the last day of the year they sighted the great Antarctic mountains at a distance of 110 miles—beautiful peaks lying in the sunshine at 10 o'clock of a November evening. Three days later they reached the Barrier—the vast sheet of ice, over 400 miles wide and even more in depth, which lies south of Ross Island and bars the seaway to the Pole. The Barrier was here sixty feet high, so that landing was impossible, but Scott coasted along to a point where he had erected a hut during his previous voyage in the *Discovery*. Cape Armitage, the point was called, but he now renamed it Cape Evans, in honour of his second in command, Edward Evans, and there the expedition landed, motor sledges, ponies, dogs and all, taking a week over the work. A new hut was at once built, and a line of dépôts begun on a line running due south towards the Pole. There were eventually between Cape Evans and the Pole twelve of these dépôts, and their names and order must be given here, for they are the key to the story which follows. Taking them in the outward order they were these: Corner Camp, from which the start was to be made, Bluff Dépôt, One Ton Dépôt, Mount Hooper Dépôt, Mid-Barrier Dépôt, South Barrier Dépôt—these were all on the comparatively level top of the ice field. Then came the ascent of the 10,000 foot glacier among the mountains: Lower Glacier Dépôt, Mid-Glacier Dépôt, Upper Glacier Dépôt. Then the final plateau to the Pole, which is itself 9,500 feet above the sea: Three Degree Dépôt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ Degree Dépôt, and Last Dépôt. Of these twelve dépôts of course only the first few could be made ready before the actual journey.

Meantime the building operations having been carried to an unexampled point of perfection, the scientific observers got to work, and for ten months the whole party led a busy and harmonious life. They had, of course, some difficulties and accidents, and one real shock. On February 22, a letter reached Scott from Lieutenant Campbell, who was prospecting to the east in the Bay of Whales, announcing that he had found there an expedition of Norwegians under

Captain Amundsen, who was bent on being the first to reach the South Pole. Scott grasped the truth of the situation at once, and acted with perfect judgment. The Norwegians had gained what looked like a winning position—Amundsen had chosen a starting-point where he was sixty miles nearer to the goal, and had succeeded, against all likelihood, in getting his sledges and dog teams safely ashore there. He had also the advantage of being able to move earlier in the season, for dogs could be used when ponies could not, and Scott had given up his dogs in favour of ponies, since he found that their pulling power was not sufficient for his route.

With all this in his mind, many a man would have been drawn into a premature and dangerous rush. Scott decided at once to go on “exactly as though this had not happened—to go forward and do our best for the honour of the country without fear or panic.” Six months afterwards he was still of the same mind: “Any attempt to race must have wrecked my plan; besides which it doesn’t appear the sort of thing one is out for. . . . After all, it is the work that counts, not the applause that follows.”

But he meant to be first if he could, and in these ten months he made every kind of preparation and experiment that he could devise to lay the ground for success. His final plan was an elaborate one, and it was thought out in every detail. The motors were to go ahead as far as they could—he did not in his heart expect much of them—then the ponies were to take up the running, and when they had to give up, the dogs were to carry on with lighter loads. When the dogs were no longer useful, the party was to be weeded out, and the fittest and strongest were to drag the last sledge themselves, either on ski or on foot, till they had reached the Pole, turned, and come back from depôt to depôt to where the dogs would be waiting for them. At each depôt they would pick up the fresh fuel and food which they had left in store there.

There remained only the choice of the men for each

part of this work. Scott had from the first been struck with the extraordinary efficiency and cordiality of all his people; there was—though he admits that it sounds incredible—simply no friction at all: “There is no need to draw a veil; there is nothing to cover.” All were first-rate; and if they had not been first-rate to begin with, Scott’s own character and his generous admiration of every one but himself would soon have made them so. Of Wilson he writes: “Words must always fail me when I talk of Bill Wilson. I believe he really is the finest character I ever met—every quality is so solid and dependable: cannot you imagine how that counts down here? Whatever the matter, one knows Bill will be sound, shrewdly practical, intensely loyal, and quite unselfish.” In addition, he says that Wilson had a quiet vein of humour and really consummate tact, and was naturally the most popular member of the party.

Bowers he describes as “a positive treasure, absolutely trustworthy and prodigiously energetic . . . nothing seems to hurt his tough little body, and certainly no hardship daunts his spirit. His indefatigable zeal, his unselfishness and his inextinguishable good humour made him a delightful companion on the march.”

The Soldier, or Titus Oates, as he was also called, was very popular too. “A delightfully humorous old pessimist—striving with the ponies night and day, and bringing woeful accounts of their small ailments.” He was one of the type so familiar in every public school and regiment—grumbling, enduring, self-sacrificing: “a very gallant gentleman.”

So with the rest, and not less with the men than the officers. Scott understood them all, because he loved human nature. “The study of individual character,” he writes, “is a pleasant pastime in such a mixed community of thoroughly nice people, and the study of relations and interactions is fascinating.” Of his own character we can judge from the wonderful Journal in which he recorded his

admiration of others ; but there are plenty of witnesses to confirm it. " From all aspects," says Sir Clements Markham, " Scott was among the most remarkable men of our time, and the vast number of readers of his *Journal* will be deeply impressed with the beauty of his character." To this his surviving companions add that even among so many experts his ability seemed extraordinary ; his care and thoroughness in detail were unfailing : he was both firm and considerate, and that they estimated him truly is proved by their speaking of " his absolute generosity."

One more quality he had, most valuable in a leader. He was hopeful, but never too optimistic. He saw the meaning of a misfortune quicker than any one, but he often recorded it quietly without commenting aloud. He was able to do this because he was never afraid ; he had calculated his risks, done his best to provide against them, and was ready to accept the result. His last entry before starting for the Pole ends thus : " The future is in the lap of the gods ; I can think of nothing left undone to deserve success."

2. THE TALE OF TEN PONIES

Scott left Cape Evans on November 1, and reached the Beardmore Glacier on December 10—a distance of 276 statute miles. The story of this first stage of the journey is the story of the ten ponies upon whose well-being so much depended. Depôts of food and fuel had to be dropped and cairns erected all the way out, so that the party returning from the Pole would pick up supplies every few days. The farther the ponies could go the less would be the distance over which the men would have to pull their own sledges, and it was most disappointing that, in spite of all the winter training and the endless trouble and care that Oates had taken with them, they did not last beyond December 9.

They started off well enough. Christopher, as usual, was a little devil to harness, and Nobby had a fit of obstinacy half-way through the first day's march and needed

some persuasion and a rearrangement of his load before he would go on again ; but they all arrived fresh and in good time at Hut Point, the first camping-place. Scott found that the individual ponies varied so much in pace that he arranged them henceforth in three parties ; the very slow, the medium paced, and the fliers.

Snatcher, who led the latter group, was to start last, and would probably even so end up in front of them all. There was also a party with the dogs ; and the motors had gone on ahead.

On Thursday night, November 2, after supper, the expedition left Hut Point in detachments as arranged. They lunched at midnight, and Ponting got his cinematograph up in time to take the rear guard as it came along in fine form with Snatcher leading. At the next camp the ponies mostly arrived very tired, but were quite fit again after their rest. Bones created a disturbance by eating Christopher's goggles and the protecting leather fringe on the bridle, and poor Christopher was left blinking in the sun. The party started again at 1 P.M. It was then, Scott tells us, "a sweltering day, the air breathless and the glare intense." And yet the temperature was -22° , and six hours earlier he had had a frost-bitten thumb.

The following day a cheerful note was picked up saying all was well with the two motors which had gone on ahead with two sledges apiece. But four and a half miles farther on Scott's party found Day's motor, sledges and all, abandoned in the track, and a note to say that a cylinder had broken, and the only spare one having been already used, Day and Lashly, the drivers, had pushed on with the other motor. "So," writes Scott, "the dream of great help from the machines is at an end. The track of the remaining motor goes steadily forward, but now of course I shall expect to see it every hour of the march." It was as he feared. On Sunday, November 5, three black dots were seen to the south, and on Monday, when the party got up to them, they proved to be the motor and two sledges

abandoned like the first one. Another cracked cylinder was the cause of the trouble, and the drivers had had to leave the machine and go ahead as a man-hauling party.

On this day the ponies did splendidly with full loads. They were evidently getting hardened to the work, and every one, even Oates, felt cheered and optimistic about them. But on Monday night a blizzard blew up which lasted till late on Tuesday afternoon. There was a heavy fall of snow, and though everything possible was done to shelter the ponies, there seemed no way of making them comfortable. A blizzard always had the same withering effect on them, attributed by Scott to the excessively fine particles of snow being driven in between the hairs of the coat, where it melts, and in running off as water, carries away the animal heat. However, at midnight, when their rugs were taken off, they started again quite briskly and appeared none the worse. The weather improved, the surface was good, and they drew their heavy loads without any sign of tiredness. Most of them stopped occasionally for a mouthful of snow, but Christopher, though more tiresome than ever to harness, went ahead when once he started without any pause. Both men and ponies revelled in the warm sun, and every one was fit and cheery.

On the 10th, weather conditions again became bad. A strong headwind and a snowstorm made progress very slow and difficult. On the 12th, Atkinson said Chinaman, one of the less good ponies, could not last more than a mile or two, but Oates thought he would carry on for several days still. The others were as well as could be expected, and Jehu, another crock, better than any one had thought possible. But even One Ton Dépôt was still seventeen or eighteen miles ahead, and Scott began to feel very anxious about the ponies. "If they pull through well," he wrote on the 13th, "all the thanks will be due to Oates. I trust the surface and weather conditions will improve; both are rank bad at present."

One Ton Dépôt—130 geographical miles from Cape

Evans—was reached on the 15th. It was decided to give the ponies a day's rest and then push on again thirteen geographical miles a day, marching, as before, mostly at night. Oates was only fairly cheerful about the ponies—Scott decidedly more hopeful. The loads were rearranged and the stronger ponies were again given about 500 lb. apiece to pull ; the others about 400 lb.

On the 18th, Scott writes : “ The crocks are going on very wonderfully. Oates gives Chinaman at least three days, and Wright says he may go for a week. This is slightly inspiriting, but how much better it would have been to have had ten really reliable beasts ! It's touch and go whether we scrape up to the Glacier ; meanwhile we get along somehow. At any rate the bright sunshine makes everything *look* more hopeful.”

On the 19th the going was very bad, but things improved on the 20th, and the animals marched steadily that day and the next. Meares, the leader of the dog team, was beginning to look eagerly for some horse flesh to feed his dogs, but Atkinson and Oates were set on getting past the place where Shackleton killed his first animal before they should have to shoot one of theirs.

On the 22nd, Scott writes : “ Everything much the same. The ponies thinner but not much weaker. The crocks still going along. Jehu is now called ‘ The Barrier Wonder ’ and Chinaman ‘ The Thunderbolt.’ Two days more and they will be well past the place where Shackleton killed his first animal. Nobby keeps his pre-eminence of condition and has now the heaviest load by some 50 lb. : most of the others are under 500 lb. load and I hope will be eased further yet. The dogs are in good form still, and came up well with their loads this morning. It looks as though we ought to get through to the Glacier without great difficulty.”

On the 24th, when they were still some 135 geographical miles from the Glacier, Jehu was led back on the track and shot, on the whole a merciful ending. The other two

crocks, Chinaman and Jimmy Pigg, were working splendidly and seemed, if anything, to improve, and things went fairly well until the 27th, when a heavy fall of snow and a soft surface tired the animals badly. There was no improvement the next day. The blizzard continued and drove the snow full in their faces. Chinaman had to be shot that night, but the others, though tired, had still some days' work in them. The Glacier was now about seventy miles ahead, and Scott was most anxious to get them as far as that if possible.

On the 29th the sky cleared, the sun came out and land could be seen ahead, but the surface was very soft and the ponies frequently sank up to their knees. On December 1, Scott wrote : " The ponies are tiring pretty rapidly. It is a question of days with all except Nobby. Yet they are outlasting the forage, and to-night against some opinion, I decided Christopher must go. He has been shot ; less regret goes with him than the others, in remembrance of all the trouble he gave at the outset, and the unsatisfactory way he has gone of late. Here we leave a depôt, so that no extra weight is brought on the other ponies ; in fact there is a slight diminution. Three more marches ought to bring us through."

The next day, after another trying march, partly in falling snow, Victor too was shot and fed to the dogs.

On Sunday, December 3, the party woke to yet another blinding blizzard, and could not start till it had cleared at 2 P.M. Before 3 the sun disappeared and snow fell thickly again. The weather conditions were, as Scott said, preposterous, and the changes perfectly bewildering in their rapidity. Everything seemed to be going against the expedition and every mile of advance had to be fought for. A fresh blizzard again delayed the start on the 4th till 2 P.M., but the daily distance of thirteen geographical miles was made good by 8 P.M., and the ponies marched splendidly. Nevertheless Michael had to be shot in the evening to provide food for the dog team, and the men, too, thoroughly

enjoyed a meal of hot pony hoosh. Only five or six miles had been lost on the two very bad days, and with any luck all would yet have been well, but on the 5th the party woke once more to a blizzard. The misfortunes of the next four days are best told by extracts from Scott's own diary.

"*Tuesday, December 5.*—Camp 30. Noon. We awoke this morning to a raging, howling blizzard. The blows we have had hitherto have lacked the very fine powdery snow—that especial feature of the blizzard. To-day we have it fully developed. After a minute or two in the open one is covered from head to foot. The temperature is high, so that what falls or drives against one sticks. The ponies—heads, tails, legs, and all parts not protected by their rugs—are covered with ice; the animals are standing deep in snow, the sledges are almost covered, and huge drifts above the tents. We have had breakfast, rebuilt the walls, and are now again in our bags. One cannot see the next tent, let alone the land. What on earth does such weather mean at this time of the year? It is more than our share of ill-fortune, I think, but the luck may turn yet.

"11 P.M.—It has blown hard all day with quite the greatest snowfall I remember. The drifts about the tents are simply huge. The temperature was $+ 27^{\circ}$ this forenoon, and rose to $+ 31^{\circ}$ in the afternoon, at which time the snow melted as it fell on anything but the snow, and, as a consequence, there are pools of water on everything, the tents are wet through, also the wind clothes, night boots, &c.; water drips from the tent poles and door, lies on the floorcloth, soaks the sleeping-bags, and makes everything pretty wretched. . . . Yet after all it would be humorous enough if it were not for the seriousness of delay—we can't afford that, and it's real hard luck that it should come at such a time.

"*Wednesday, December 6.*—Camp 30. Noon. Miserable, utterly miserable. We have camped in the "Slough of Despond." The tempest rages with unabated violence. . . . The ponies look utterly desolate. Oh! but this is too

crushing, and we are only twelve miles from the Glacier. A hopeless feeling descends on one and is hard to fight off. What immense patience is needed for such occasions.

“*Thursday, December 7.*—Camp 30. The storm continues and the situation is now serious. One small feed remains for the ponies after to-day, so that we must either march to-morrow or sacrifice the animals. That is not the worst ; with the help of the dogs we could get on without doubt. The serious part is that we have this morning started our Summit rations—that is to say, the food calculated from the Glacier Depôt has begun. The first supporting party can only go on a fortnight from this date and so forth.

“*Friday, December 8.*—Camp 30. Hoped against hope for better conditions to wake to the mournfullest snow and wind as usual. . . . Our case is growing desperate. . . . Wilson thinks the ponies finished, but Oates thinks they will get another march in spite of the surface, *if it comes to-morrow*. If it should not, we must kill the ponies to-morrow and get on as best we can with the men on ski and the dogs.

“11 P.M.—The wind has gone to the north, the sky is really breaking at last, the sun showing less sparingly, and the land appearing out of the haze. . . . Everything looks more hopeful to-night, but nothing can recall four lost days.”

Early the next morning a start was made at last, and Camp 31 was reached at 8 P.M. The ponies were by then quite done, and were all shot that night. “Thank God,” wrote Wilson, “the horses are now all done with and we begin the heavy work ourselves.” Camp 31 received the name of Shambles Camp in memory of this painful episode.

3. AT THE SOUTH POLE

The ex-motor party had already turned back on November 24, and three man-hauled sledges left Shambles Camp on December 10 ; the first was drawn by Scott,

Wilson, Oates and Edgar Evans ; the second by Edward Evans, Atkinson, Wright and Lashly, and the third by Bowers, Cherry-Garrard, Crean, and Keohane. The dogs, drawing another 800 lb. of stores, accompanied them until the afternoon of the 11th, and then they, too, turned back.

From Lower Glacier Dépôt, left on December 11, the three sledge parties climbed steadily up the Beardmore Glacier and reached the summit, 8000 feet up, on the 21st. It was a terrible pull to begin with. The runners of the sledges became coated with a thin film of ice so that they would not glide, and both men and sledges sank deep into the soft snow which, owing to the recent storm, filled the lower valley. Again and again the parties got bogged, and they would not have made any headway at all but for their skis, which now proved invaluable. One or two members of the expedition began to show signs of being over-tired, and to add to their other troubles some of them got bad attacks of snow blindness. On the 13th, two of the parties had to resort to relay work. The snow had become wet and sticky and the men struggled on soaked in perspiration and thoroughly breathless. By camping time at 7 P.M. only a bare four miles had been covered—"a most *damnably* dismal day," as Scott describes it.

The next day things improved a little. The covering of snow over the ice grew thinner as they mounted, there were fewer stoppages, and the re-starting was much easier. But on the 15th snow fell again for some hours, interrupting the march and making the surface again very bad.

On the 17th the luck really seemed to be on the turn. They were now 3500 feet above the Barrier and the going was better, though a sharp look-out had to be kept for crevasses, which were very numerous in some places. Apart from sore lips and snow blindness every one was very fit and cheerful and feeling well fed, for the Summit ration proved an excellent one and most satisfying. The crampons, too, invented by P.O. Evans for this part of the journey on the rough ice, were a great success.

On the 19th, Scott wrote: "Days like this put heart into one," and on the 21st they camped at Upper Glacier Dépôt, "practically on the summit and up to date in the provision line." There seemed a very good chance now of getting through.

On the 22nd, the first supporting party turned back. Scott had told off Atkinson, Wright, Cherry-Garrard and Keohane as being the four who had suffered most from the hardships of the journey. Nevertheless their disappointment was great. The two remaining sledge parties went ahead very well to begin with, doing $10\frac{1}{2}$ and $8\frac{1}{2}$ geographical miles in the day. Crevasses were troublesome at times, but on the whole Scott was very cheerful, and for the first time the goal seemed really in sight. He found that he and his companions could pull their present loads faster and farther than he had ever expected, and a fair share of good weather was the one thing left to pray for.

On Christmas Eve Lashly very suddenly went down a crevasse, nearly dragging the others with him. But he was rescued none the worse and quite undisturbed by his fall. Christmas Day was marked by chocolate and raisins at lunch and a grand four-course supper of "pemmican with slices of horse meat flavoured with onion and curry powder and thickened with biscuits; then an arrowroot, cocoa and biscuit hoosh sweetened; then a plum-pudding; then cocoa with raisins, and finally a dessert of caramels and ginger." After this feast it was difficult to move, and every one felt thoroughly warm and slept splendidly.

During the next few days more crevasses and disturbances were met with and something went wrong with one of the sledges. The loading was not right and had to be readjusted. Once this was readjusted the second party were able to keep up again. The distances covered each day were satisfactory, but the marches were becoming terribly monotonous, and the strain was especially great for Scott, who was responsible for steering the course and so could not let his thoughts wander.

On December 31 a week's provisions for both units was dumped and the place named Three Degree Dépôt. Then the two sledges were stripped and rebuilt as 10-foot instead of 12-foot sledges. Under the conditions, with a temperature of 10° , it was a difficult and trying job, and was admirably tackled and completed by P.O. Evans with the help of Crean. The smaller sledges travelled well, but the second party were clearly tiring now, and on January 3, when they were still 150 miles from the Pole, Scott reorganised for the last time and sent back Lieutenant Evans, Lashly and Crean. Bowers was to make a fifth in Scott's tent. Lieutenant Evans was terribly disappointed, but took it very well. Poor Crean wept, and Lashly, too, found it very hard to have to turn back. The story of their awful experiences on the return journey, and of Evans' illness and rescue, may be read elsewhere.

Petty Officer Evans belonged to the chosen five. He was a most admirable worker, and was responsible not only for the ski and crampons but for all the sledges, harness, tents and sleeping-bags, and no one had ever been heard to make a complaint about any of the things he had made.

Bowers was responsible for the stores and for the meteorological record. On this last part of the march he was also photographer and observer. No kind of work came amiss to him, and he used to work out sights coiled up in his bag at night long after the others were asleep, and yet, in spite of his short legs, he never seemed tired. Scott wrote of him on January 8: "Little Bowers remains a marvel—he is thoroughly enjoying himself."

Oates had been invaluable with the ponies, and now he took his share in all the heavy work, both of pulling and of making camp, and so far he seemed to be standing the hardships as well as any one.

Of Wilson, Scott could not speak warmly enough. He never wavered from start to finish, and, as doctor, devoted himself entirely to helping his companions in every possible

way, often at great cost to himself. He suffered a good deal from snow blindness, but was invariably cheerful.

On Scott himself, as leader, rested the whole responsibility of the expedition and the lives of his companions. He had to make every decision connected with the march, from the minutest detail of food rations or clothing to the serious problems of direction and guidance. However tired or despairing he might feel at times, he must always appear cheerful and hopeful ; he must be the first to wake in the morning and the last to turn in at night ; and he must know how to get the very best out of his companions under all circumstances. Splendidly he fulfilled all these requirements ; his companions had entire confidence in him and he in them.

Such were the five men who now pushed on towards the Pole with 150 miles of hard pulling in front of them and the chance of finding the Norwegian flag already flying when they arrived.

On January 4 and 5, things seemed to be going so extraordinarily smoothly that Scott began to wonder if such good fortune could last, and what new obstacle was in store for them. Success seemed to be coming nearer and nearer every hour. But the expected obstacles soon made their appearance. The surface again became rough and broken as the result of a mass of *sastrugi*, the name given to the snow formations formed by the winds over the surface. The marches were very tiring, and P.O. Evans, too, had a nasty cut on his hand which he got while repairing the sledges.

They were now past Shackleton's farthest point, and all that was ahead of them was new. The marching became more and more monotonous, and on January 10, only 10·8 miles were covered in a terribly hard day's work. The surface was "beyond words," quite covered with sandy snow. "Only 85 miles from the Pole," says Scott, "but it's going to be a stiff pull *both ways* apparently ; still we do make progress, which is something."

On the 11th, they did eleven miles, but at a fearful cost. "About 74 miles from the Pole—can we keep this up for seven days? It takes it out of us like anything." On the 12th they marched nearly nine hours for 10·7 miles, and were all chilled from exhaustion. Admiration for each other kept them up. "Little Bowers is wonderful," says Scott; "in spite of my protest he *would* take sights after we had camped to-night," and this was the more remarkable because Bowers, one of whose ski had been lost, had marched all day in the soft snow while the others had had a comparatively easy time. On the 13th, Scott again remarks that, though the rest would be in a poor way without ski, Bowers still manages to struggle through the soft snow "without tiring his short legs." Next day, however, he seems to have realised that the short legs *were* tiring, and in a single casual remark, his own strength and self-sacrifice are allowed to slip out as if they were nothing unusual. "The steering was awfully difficult and trying; very often I could see nothing, and Bowers on my shoulders directed me. Under such circumstances it is an immense help to be pulling on ski."

On the 14th, Oates was feeling the cold, but all were fit, and felt that they might pull through if only they could have a few days of fine weather. On the 15th, they made their last depôt, and with the sledge load thus reduced they did over twelve miles in the day. They had now only two long marches to reach the Pole, and nine days' provisions with them, so that it looked a certain thing. But there was always "the appalling possibility, the sight of the Norwegian flag forestalling ours." This dread had been sleeping in their minds all through, and now that the critical moment was upon them it woke up and became restless.

The next day, January 16, was a very trying one, tossing them from hope to deep disappointment. In the morning they marched well and covered seven and a half miles. In the afternoon they set off again in high spirits,

but about the second hour of the march Bowers sighted what he feared was a cairn, though he argued that it must be a *sastrugus*, or knob of snowdrift. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ; that, at any rate, could not be snow. The party marched on it with beating hearts. When they got nearer they found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer and standing straight up out of the snow-field. "The worst has happened," writes Scott, "or nearly the worst." We can imagine the mingled curiosity and misery with which they examined the place ; near by were the remains of a camp, with sledge tracks coming and going, and ski tracks, and traces of dogs' paws—many dogs. "This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions."

But they finished the course ; that went without saying. Next day they started at 7.30 ; none of them had slept much after the shock of such a discovery. For some way they followed the Norwegian tracks—there were only two men, as far as they could make out. Then they abandoned this trail, which was going too far west, and finished a march of fourteen miles due south. Now that the hope of priority was gone, the place seemed "awful and terrible," but they had a specially good meal—"a fat Polar hoosh"—and little Bowers laid himself out to get sights in specially difficult circumstances. Scott thought of the struggle homewards, and wrote : "I wonder if we can do it."

On Thursday, January 18, they summed up all their observations and decided that they must be now one mile beyond the Pole and three miles to the right of it. They set out accordingly, and two miles from camp, and one and a half miles from the Pole, they found a small tent containing a record of Roald Amundsen having been there on December 16, 1911, with four companions. There was also a note from Amundsen to Scott, asking him to forward a letter to King Haakon !

Scott, in his turn, left a note to say that he and his party had visited the tent. Meantime Bowers was photographing and Wilson sketching. Then a cairn was built, the Union Jack was hoisted, and the party took a photograph of itself, Bowers pulling the string. They all look grim, and it is not to be wondered at; but they were not grudging honour to those who had won the race. Scott's entry says: "There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark, and fully carried out their programme." He adds: "Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition, and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of the day-dreams!" He did not foresee that the dreams would long survive the dreamer.

4. THE RACE FOR LIFE

It is sometimes assumed that self-preservation is the strongest of all driving forces; we hear it said that a man was seen running "as if he were running for his life." But with men of real power it would seem that their greatest efforts are made not when they are seeking to save themselves, but when they are risking everything for their country or each other, or in some other cause of honour or devotion. Scott and his companions are certainly an example of this; they marched bravely homeward for their lives, but without that strength and elation which had sustained them on the outward journey, when they were inspired by the hope of winning a coveted honour for the country they served. And they died without misery, because they had many consolations, such as do not come to men who have been thinking only of themselves. They were not losing all, for they had not played for safety.

They started back on January 19, and from the first they found the journey "dreadfully tiring and monotonous." On the 20th, with a favourable wind, they tried sailing, and at first went along at a greatly increased pace; but they soon got into drifted snow which clogged their

ski. Bowers was even worse off, till he could recover his ski; and to-day it is noted that Oates is feeling the cold more than the others. Still they did eighteen and a half miles, and talked of catching the ship.

Next day trouble began; a blizzard was blowing in the morning; they could not march for fear of losing the track, and when they got off at last they could only do six miles. On the 22nd their march of fourteen and a half miles was the most tiring they had yet had, and their ski boots began to show signs of wear. On the 23rd they sailed again, but were halted by the discovery that Evans' nose was frost-bitten. His fingers, too, were badly blistered, and he was very much annoyed with himself, which was not a good sign. Next day they were stopped again by a blizzard. "I don't like the look of it," says Scott. "Is the weather breaking up? If so, God help us. . . . I don't like the easy way in which Oates and Evans get frost-bitten." But next day those two were as bad again, and Wilson was suffering tortures from his eyes. The succession of blizzards seemed likely to continue, and the cold damp they brought was very exhausting.

On the 27th they found their sleeping-bags getting slowly but surely wetter, and food shorter. On the 28th they were hungrier still, and getting "pretty thin, especially Evans," but none of them were feeling worked out. Next day was a good one, wind favourable and track visible; but on the 30th, troubles began again. Wilson strained a tendon in his leg, painfully; he was very plucky over it, but it made Scott serious, for the lives of all hung on the health of each—they would never abandon their sick or wounded. "To add to the trouble," he writes, "Evans has dislodged two finger-nails to-night; his hands are really bad, and to my surprise he shows signs of losing heart over it." They had already picked up three articles dropped on the way out—Oates's pipe, Bowers' fur mits, and Evans' night boots. Now, on the 31st, they found Bowers' ski, left behind on December 31, and very glad they were to recover

it. They reached Three Degree Dépôt, too, and were able to increase their rations. But Scott's anxiety continued, and on February 2 he himself became a casualty by falling heavily on a very slippery surface and hurting his shoulder. There were now three injured men out of five, and the most troublesome surfaces yet to come.

On February 4, Evans fell twice ; the second time Scott fell with him, into a crevasse. After this, Evans became "rather dull and incapable"—he had concussion from his fall—and next day he was "a good deal crocked up," with his nose and fingers frost-bitten. He was now the chief anxiety, and his wounds were going wrong ; it was a great relief when, on the 7th, the Upper Glacier Dépôt was reached and the Summit journey was ended. "I think," says Scott, "another week might have had a very bad effect on P.O. Evans, who is going steadily downhill."

They were now about to get on to rock after fourteen weeks on ice, and in spite of their fatigue they determined not to neglect the scientific side of their enterprise. Scott steered in for Mount Darwin, and Bowers procured specimens of the rock, a close-grained granite. Then they went down the moraine, spending the whole day geologising among seams of coal, leaf-fossils, pieces of limestone from no one knew where, and lumps of pure white quartz. Altogether a most interesting afternoon, and the relief of being out of the wind inexpressible. Two good days and nights followed, and Scott notes "a great change in all faces."

Then came a week of disaster. The beginning of it was a fatal decision to change the direction of the march and steer east. The party got into a regular trap, plunged desperately forward on ski and only recovered the track after twelve hours of struggling. Some miles had been lost, and an effort had to be made next day to catch up. Again a wrong turn was made, and at 9 p.m. they camped "in the worst place of all," with rations running low. It was only at midday on the 13th, that at last they reached Middle Glacier Dépôt, and replenished their store.

Next day they could only do six and a half miles. There was no getting away from the fact that they were not going strong. Wilson's leg was troublesome; Evans had blistered a foot badly, and was apparently going from bad to worse, besides suffering from want of plentiful food. Two days more and he was nearly broken down—absolutely changed from his normal self-reliant self, and stopping repeatedly on some trivial excuse. On the 17th, he looked a little better to start with—but soon worked his ski shoes adrift, and had to leave the sledge. An hour later the others waited for him, and he came up very slowly. In another half hour he dropped out again, and was cautioned by Scott, to whom he replied cheerfully. But he did not come up in time for lunch, and the others all went back for him. Scott reached him first and was shocked to find him on his knees, with hands uncovered and frost-bitten, and a wild look in his eyes. He could only say that he thought he had fainted. Wilson, Bowers and Scott went back for the sledge, Oates remained with him; before he could be got away he was unconscious, and by half an hour after midnight he was dead. It was a terrible thing for a small party in such extreme danger to lose a companion and friend, and it hardly made it less terrible to reflect that there could not have been a better ending to the anxieties of the past week. With a sick man on their hands at such a distance from home, the plight of all would have been too desperate for endurance.

5. THE LAST MARCH

After the terrible event at Lower Glacier Dépôt, the four survivors gave themselves five hours' sleep and then went to their old Shambles Camp. There they found plenty of horse beef, and with the increased rations new life seemed to come at once. They took another good night's sleep and spent the next morning in shifting to a new sledge and fitting it up with mast and sail. In the afternoon they started again with renewed hope. But the surface proved

to be as bad as their worst fears—soft, loose snow like desert sand, and a long struggle only brought them four and a half miles forward.

That evening Scott balanced his chances. In some ways things were improving—the sleeping-bags were drying and the party had better food and better health. The uncertain element was the weather; the lateness of the season caused some little alarm, and the distance to be done was still formidable; the four stages, to South Barrier Depôt, Middle Barrier Depôt, Mount Hooper, and One Ton Depôt, would take seven days each—not less, and quite possibly more. Beyond that there were two more stages, to Bluff Depôt and Corner Camp; but these were not counted, for at One Ton Depôt, if not earlier, they would find Cherry-Garrard waiting for them with the dogs. One Ton Depôt was therefore the goal; there lay safety, and they had a month to reach it.

By the end of the fourth day, February 22, the position looked gloomy; everything depended on finding and keeping the old track from cairn to cairn, and already they had lost it. They found it again next day, thanks to Bowers' wonderful sharp eyes, and reached the depôt on the 24th up to time. But there were causes for depression. A note left for them by Lieutenant Edward Evans sounded anxious—he was already, though he did not say so, stricken with scurvy. Then Wilson was suffering fearfully from snow blindness; and there was an unexpected and very alarming shortage of fuel, the oil in store having leaked from the effect of extreme cold. "It is a race," says Scott, "between the season and hard conditions, and our fitness and good food." Four days later he adds: "There is no doubt the middle of the Barrier is a pretty awful locality." But on March 1 they reached Middle Barrier Depôt in bright sunshine and nearly up to time.

But at this point the tide turned against them—ominously at first, and then, as they struggled on, so strongly and definitely that nothing was left for personal

hope, only loyalty to each other and the determination to hold up the standard of English honour and endurance. "First," says Scott, "we found a shortage of oil; with most rigid economy it can scarcely carry us to the next depôt. Second, Titus Oates disclosed his feet, the toes showing very bad indeed, evidently bitten by the late temperatures. The third blow came in the night, when the wind, which we had hailed with some joy, brought dark overcast weather. It fell below -40° in the night, and this morning it took $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get our foot gear on."

But their courage was unbroken. On March 3 they pulled four and a quarter hours and only covered four and a half miles. Scott's Journal becomes more and more wonderful as things get worse. "God help us, we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess." His great anxiety now was for Oates's health; a possible further shortage of fuel at the next depôt combined with a snap of colder weather would probably be more than he could stand. "I don't know what I should do," Scott writes, "if Wilson and Bowers were not so determinedly cheerful over things."

On March 5 the entry is more depressed: "Our fuel dreadfully low and the poor Soldier nearly done. We none of us expected these terribly low temperatures, and of the rest of us Wilson is feeling them most—mainly, I fear, from his self-sacrificing devotion in doctoring Oates's feet. . . . The others, all of them, are unendingly cheerful when in the tent." On March 6: "Poor Oates is unable to pull—sits on the sledge when we are track-searching—he is wonderfully plucky, as his feet must be giving him great pain. He makes no complaint, but his spirits only come up in spurts now, and he grows more silent in the tent." On March 7: "One of Oates's feet *very* bad this morning; he is wonderfully brave. We still talk of what we will do together at home."

On the 9th they reached Mount Hooper Depôt, and

found a shortage of stores all round. Scott says stoutly : " I don't know that any one is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed." He was right there ; the dogs under Cherry-Garrard had been waiting at One Ton Dépôt, held up by a four-day blizzard ; then, having exhausted their spare provisions, they were obliged to turn back. No one was to blame, and Scott's freedom from bitterness is one more proof of his greatness as a leader.

The entry for Sunday, March 11, runs as follows : " Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What he or we will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast ; he is a fine brave fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said to urge him to march as long as he could. One satisfactory result to the discussion ; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 30 opium tabloids apiece, and he is left with a tube of morphine. So far the tragical side of our story." This is not a passage that can be enlarged upon in words ; but the more deeply it is penetrated the more clearly will be seen the characteristic gifts of the man who wrote it—wisdom, loyalty, delicacy, and self-restraint.

So far as it was possible for him to tell the rest of the story, he tells it incomparably. " *Wednesday, March 14.*—We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. . . . Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations."

The next entry is three days later. " *Friday, March 16, or Saturday, 17.*—Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on ;

he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on, and we made a few miles. At night he was worse, and we knew that the end had come. Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates's last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since. . . . We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far."

It was not far. By lunch next day the three survivors were twenty-one miles from the depôt, and nearly worn out. Scott's right foot had now gone—two days before he had been the fittest, but a spoonful of curry powder with his pemmican had caused indigestion and the inevitable frost bite had followed. Amputation was now the least he could hope for, and that only if the deadness did not spread.

On March 19 the party reached their sixtieth camp from the Pole, and were within eleven miles of safety. But there the blizzard stopped them. As a forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers proposed to go on and bring back fuel for Scott; but the blizzard made this impossible. On the night of the 23rd, death stared them straight in the face; they had no fuel left, and only two days' food. "Must be near the

end," writes Scott. "Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the *depôt* and die in our tracks."

This was not possible. On the 29th they were still there, still blizzard-bound, still just alive, still undefeated in spirit. Scott's last entry is in keeping with all that he has written in his *Journal*. "Every day we have been ready to start for our *depôt 11 miles away*, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

" R. SCOTT.

" For God's sake look after our people."

When the search party reached the place eight months later, Wilson and Bowers were found lying quite naturally, shut up in their sleeping-bags. Scott, the master spirit, had died later ; he had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. His arm was flung across Wilson as if in a last gesture of affection.

In the tent, besides his *Journal*, he had left farewell letters to his friends and family, and a message to the Public, giving an estimate of the disaster and its causes. All these are of the same admirable quality—varying tones of the same unshaken voice. These passages will exemplify all.

" I want to tell you that we have missed getting through by a narrow margin which was justifiably within the risk of such a journey. . . . After all, we have given our lives for our country—we have actually made the longest journey on record, and we have been the first Englishmen at the South Pole. You must understand that it is too cold to write much.

" It's a pity the luck doesn't come our way, because every detail of equipment is right. I shall not have suffered any pain, but leave the world fresh from harness and full of good health and vigour.

“ Since writing the above we got to within 11 miles of our dépôt, with one hot meal and two days’ cold food. We should have got through but have been held for *four* days by a frightful storm. I think the best chance has gone. We have decided not to kill ourselves, but to fight to the last for that dépôt, but in the fighting there is a painless end.

“ Make the boy interested in natural history if you can ; it is better than games ; they encourage it at some schools. I know you will keep him in the open air. Above all, he must guard, and you must guard him, against indolence. Make him a strenuous man. I had to force myself into being strenuous, as you know—had always an inclination to be idle.

“ What lots and lots I could tell you of this journey. How much better it has been than lounging in too great comfort at home.”

IV

TRAFALGAR

1. THE PLAN OF ATTACK

IF there is one story in the world that every Englishman should know by heart, it is the story of Trafalgar. If you do not know it, you are a rich man who lives like a poor one, simply because no one has told him of his great inheritance.

This is a fortunate moment for writing about the battle ; it is easier to do it now than it has been for some years past. A Committee of Admirals and Historians has been inquiring into the subject, and though naturally enough they have not found out anything new, they have put together and printed the ships' logs and other evidence, and so enabled us to dismiss the doubts which ingenious people had raised about Nelson's tactics—about the way in which he planned and fought the action. I shall begin by saying a word or two about these tactics, for there is no real interest to be got out of watching any game unless you know what the players are doing ; and a sea-fight when you do understand it is the finest game ever played by men against men. Then when we have seen what Nelson's plan was, and what moves he made to carry it out, we can go on to the ships and the men he commanded, and see how he and Collingwood led them into action, and what they all saw and said and did, and how they fought, and in the end how they won the greatest battle of our history ; and how some of them gave themselves for their country by a death that will never be forgotten.

Nelson left St. Helen's in the *Victory* on the 15th of September 1805, and joined Collingwood and the fleet on the evening of the 28th. In his private diary for that day he records that he "saw the enemy's fleet in Cadiz, amounting to 35 or 36 sail of the line." The next day, Sunday, September 29, was his forty-sixth birthday, and he spent part of it in receiving his captains, and laying his plan of attack before them. He wrote next day to Lady Hamilton: "When I came to explain to them the '*Nelson touch*' it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears; all approved. 'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!' and from admirals downwards it was repeated, 'It must succeed, if ever they allow us to get at them!'" This reception, Nelson says, caused the sweetest sensation of his life. "It was not only my pleasure to find it generally approved, but clearly perceived and understood."

Now this plan of attack—the *Nelson touch*—was a long written memorandum, a copy of which was given to each captain. There is no need to set it out in full, because it provides for meeting the enemy in either of two different positions, to leeward or to windward; and we are only concerned with one of these. It happened that the English fleet had the windward and the French the leeward position when the time came. Also the numbers on both sides were smaller than Nelson expected; the enemy had only thirty-three of the line instead of forty-six, and as he himself had only twenty-seven instead of the forty he had counted on, he formed his fleet in two divisions only, instead of three, as originally intended.

The following are the most important words in the Memorandum, in view of what actually happened; they deal with "the intended attack from to windward, the Enemy in Line of Battle ready to receive an attack."

"The divisions of the British Fleet will be brought nearly within gunshot of the Enemy's Centre. The signal will most probably then be made for the Lee Line to bear up together, to set all their sails, even steering sails, in

order to get as quickly as possible to the Enemy's Line, and to cut through, beginning from the 12th ship from the Enemy's Rear. Some ships may not get through their exact place, but they will always be at hand to assist their friends; and if any are thrown round the Rear of the Enemy, they will effectually complete the business of twelve Sail of the Enemy. . . . The entire management of the Lee Line, after the intentions of the Commander-in-Chief are signified, is intended to be left to the judgment of the Admiral commanding that Line.

"The remainder of the Enemy's Fleet . . . are to be left to the management of the Commander-in-Chief, who will endeavour to take care that the movements of the Second in Command are as little interrupted as is possible."

Now what was the real point of this plan? It was this: Nelson knew that he would be fighting a fleet considerably bigger than his own; he therefore determined to attack and overwhelm one part of the enemy before the other part could come to their rescue. Collingwood with the Lee Division of fifteen of the line was to cut off twelve sail of the enemy's rear and capture or disable them, while Nelson himself with the remainder of the British Fleet was to manage in one way or another to tackle the enemy's van and centre so as to ensure that Collingwood should be uninterrupted, or "as little interrupted as possible." The advantages of this plan are quite clear: the Lee Division would have a certain victory in the rear with fifteen ships to twelve; there would be a stiff fight somewhere in the centre, in which Nelson with his twelve ships would hope to hold his own till Collingwood had "completed the business" of the rear and could come on to reinforce him; the enemy's van would be left without an opponent, and would probably lose much time in getting round to windward so as to join in the action.

You will notice that no very definite orders are given about the details of the approach towards the enemy. Nelson only speaks of what will "most probably" be done;

and he does not expect all the Lee Division ships to "get through their exact place" in the line. That part of the battle is to be "left to the judgment" of Collingwood; the other part is "to be left to the management of the Commander-in-Chief." There was in the Memorandum a little bit of a plan, showing the enemy's fleet and the British Divisions, all parallel to one another, in straight lines; but Nelson makes no reference to this drawing, and at the outside it can only have been meant to show what would "most probably" be the position. In the letter in which the memorandum was sent to Collingwood, Nelson said:

"I send you my plan of attack, so far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in. But, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend,

~
"NELSON AND BRONTE."

The Memorandum itself was, of course, a masterpiece; Collingwood and the captains all thought it so, and a distinguished admiral now living has said that "the simplicity and scope of that order have never been sufficiently appreciated." But what is quite as striking and unusual, quite as much a proof of Nelson's genius for war, is his generosity towards his second in command, and his confidence in him.

The next problem was how to get Admiral Villeneuve to come out and fight. "The enemy are still in Port," Nelson wrote on October 3, "but something must be done immediately to provoke or lure them to a battle." He did not know that on the very day of his own arrival

in the fleet, Villeneuve had received peremptory orders to put to sea. But he soon heard that the French ships had re-embarked the troops which they had landed some time before ; and he began to be “ *very, very, very* anxious ” for the rest of the ships to arrive from England, for he had at present only twenty-three. Of course he would fight, and he said, “ I shall not doubt of spoiling any voyage they may attempt ” ; but what he wanted was not merely to beat his opponents, it was to make sure “ that as an enemy’s fleet they may be annihilated.”

Fortunately Villeneuve still delayed, and the reinforcements began to arrive from England : by October 10 the *Defiance*, the *Royal Sovereign*, and the *Belleisle* had joined, besides the *Amphion*, *Naiad*, and *Renommée* frigates. On the 13th the *Agamemnon* and the frigate *L’Aimable* arrived, after being chased by the Rochefort squadron. The *Agamemnon* was Nelson’s own old ship, and she was now commanded by one of his favourite captains. When she was signalled, he exclaimed with glee : “ Here comes Berry ; now we shall have a battle.” He might well say that, for besides many smaller engagements, Sir Edward Berry had already fought in seven general actions, and he was destined to see two more—Trafalgar and St. Domingo.

On the 14th the *Euryalus* frigate signalled, “ Enemy at the harbour’s mouth.” Nelson accordingly kept his fleet well out of the way, some fifty miles to the west, so as to leave Villeneuve room to bolt, but he arranged a complete chain of ships to keep him informed by signals : the *Mars* and the *Colossus* were to be five leagues east of the fleet, then the *Defence* and *Agamemnon* about seven leagues nearer Cadiz, then the *Euryalus* and *Naiad* still nearer, and the little *Weasel* under Lieutenant Peter Parker right in by the harbour mouth.

So they watched for five more days. Then at last, at 7 A.M. on Saturday, the 19th, the combined fleet began to get under way ; by half-past nine the signal reached

Lord Nelson, and he instantly gave the order for a "General chase S.E.," in order to cut off the enemy if they should try to run for the Mediterranean. He reached the Straits of Gibraltar by daylight on the 20th, but the combined fleets were not there; they had been slow in getting out, and he had to go back north again to find them. By the afternoon the weather had turned squally, but the frigates were still hanging on to the enemy and reporting their movements, and this they continued to do "most admirably all night." As Nelson always said, they were the *eyes* of the fleet; and apparently they could see even in the dark.

2. PREPARING FOR BATTLE

At six o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 21st of October, the enemy were seen from the *Victory* bearing east-by-south at a distance of ten or twelve miles, with Cape Trafalgar in a direct line beyond them some twenty miles away. At 6.30 the sun rose on a still sea. Before 7 the *Victory* made the signal to "Prepare for Battle."

Now a description of a battle is of very little use unless it enables you to see the fighting, and to see it in a way not possible to those who were actually engaged. Every man in a fight has his own place, and sees and hears from that place only; but we want to see and hear from every point of view in turn, and also to get from time to time a sort of bird's-eye view, a clear general sight of the whole movement at once. The necessary facts are all recorded ready for us; what we have to do is to take them in the right way. We must use our imagination as if it were an aeroplane, or a hydroplane, in which we can fly high or low, and even board the ships themselves in turn. In this way we shall be able alternately to watch the manœuvring of the fleets as fleets, and then to swoop down closer and see the fighting of the ships and men as separate individuals.

Let us, then, hover for a moment above that still Trafalgar sea. Right before us lies the British fleet strung

out in an irregular mass with two centres. The centre to the south is Collingwood's flagship, that to the north is Nelson's. The nearest ships to the *Victory* are the *Polphemus*, *Revenge*, and *Dreadnought* to the S.E., and the *Conqueror* and *Ajax* to the N.E., with *Neptune*, *Orion*, and *Mars* beyond them, and the frigates *Euryalus* and *Sirius* still farther away towards the enemy. The ships are all heading north; the enemy, lying parallel to them on the starboard side, are all heading south, but the wind is so light that both fleets are almost motionless. They look like two flights of white-winged moths that have been blown down upon the water.

But now both fleets begin to move. The English flagships turn to the east and move in the direction of the enemy; the two divisions draw off from one another and begin to follow their leaders in two clusters, each gradually thinning out to form a single line. The French are in an irregular line with a thick clump at the head of it—that is Admiral Gravina's squadron. But they too are changing formation; they all wear ship together, so that their heads lie north instead of south, and Gravina's squadron becomes the rear instead of the van. This is peculiarly fortunate for Nelson's plan, because it brings the enemy's rear opposite Collingwood and the centre opposite Nelson, which is just what was expected in the Memorandum.

In so light a wind these movements take a long time, and we can come down to see what is going on on board the *Victory*.

Nelson has been on deck since daybreak, dressed as usual in his Admiral's frock coat, with the four stars which he always wore on his left breast. For the first time in his life he has forgotten to put on his sword. He is happy and confident, declaring to his flag-captain Hardy that he will "not be contented with capturing less than twenty ships of the line."

The men are happy too; the drums will soon be calling them to quarters with the rattling tune of "Hearts

of Oak." The top men are aloft, shaking out all topsail reefs and setting royals and studding sails. On deck the hammocks, with the men's blankets rolled up in them, are being fastened all round the sides to protect the gangways ; some of them are also lashed to the more important parts of the rigging. Rope nettings are being hung above the deck round each mast, to catch anything that may fall from aloft. The sails, the decks and the boats are being drenched with water, to guard against fire, and the buckets are then left standing full. Buckets of fresh water, with swabs, are placed by every gun, for the men, and match-tubs half full of water, over which the smouldering match is to be hung. Wet blankets are hung round every hatch-way, and along the whole of the passage to the magazines.

Down below the carpenter and his mates are unstripping all cabin partitions and furniture : all crockery, kits and sea-chests are being stowed away ; pigs and bullocks are being hoisted and thrown overboard. The gunner and his mates have already filled the shot racks, and are now below in the magazines and store-rooms, serving out cartridges, flint gun-locks, lengths of match and powder tubes. The master-at-arms and corporals are telling off the most active men as boarders, and fitting them out with two pistols each and a cutlass. All along the gun-decks the guns are being got ready by their crews. The leaden covers have been taken off, the tompions drawn from the muzzles, the ports opened, the lashings cast loose, and the running tackle tried. The sponges and rammers are laid ready, cheeses of wads are piled beside the shot, and the decks are strewn with wet sand.

It is now eight o'clock, and the *Victory* is drifting towards the enemy at less than three knots an hour. The Admiral has signalled his frigate captains to come aboard ; he means to keep them with him "till the very last minute." He regrets the enemy's change of direction ; they have made his attack easier, but they have at the same time opened the port of Cadiz for a possible escape,

and brought the shoals of Trafalgar under our lee. This explains his signal to the fleet to "Prepare to anchor" after the action. He mounts the poop, watches his two lines forming, and gives orders for moving the furniture from his cabin, especially Lady Hamilton's portrait: "Take care of my guardian angel." But first he goes himself to the cabin, and there makes a codicil to his will, and writes his last prayer in his private diary.

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious Victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it, and may humanity after Victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

3. THE SIGNALS

It is now more than half-past eight; time for us to leave the *Victory* and fly aloft for another bird's-eye view of the fleets. The enemy are now only about six miles distant; but the wind is variable, and seems to be falling lighter. It is N.W., shifting towards W. and W.S.W., and there is a heavy ground-swell from the west.

The English divisions are obeying Nelson's signal to "bear up and sail large on course steered by Admiral," but they are not in the regular Order of Sailing, which was to have been the order of battle. In the proper Order of Sailing neither the *Victory* nor the *Royal Sovereign* would have been at the head of their line; but there they are, because Nelson and Collingwood can neither of them bear to let themselves be passed, especially while they can each see the other racing ahead.

At 8.45 Collingwood is making his first signal—of course to his own division only. He is thinking of the

Memorandum, according to which the lines were "most probably" to be laid parallel to the enemy's line before striking. So he orders his own ships to "form the larboard line of bearing." Now a line of bearing is not a line ahead, nor is it a line abreast, but something between the two. That is to say, that on a line of bearing the ships are neither dead behind one another, nor dead level, but sailing in a diagonal line, bow and quarter; though of course they are always their proper distance apart, and all sailing in the same direction. Collingwood could not wait for his line to form up abreast of him, but if they sailed on a line of bearing they would end by all breaking the enemy's line in different places instead of all following him through the same place.

We can see the ships answering this signal and doing their best to carry it out. The difficulty is that to form "*the line of bearing*"—a line in which the ships are all exactly seven points from the wind—they need time, and Collingwood has no time to give them. Nelson is hurrying on, not even trying to form any such line in his own division.

Evidently he is anxious about the *Royal Sovereign*; her next astern, the *Tonnant*, is falling behind, and Collingwood will be unsupported. The *Victory* is signalling, "Report if *Tonnant* cannot close; order other ships in between." Ten minutes later Collingwood obeys by ordering *Tonnant* and *Belleisle* to "interchange places in the line," and signalling to *Belleisle* and *Dreadnought* to "make more sail." No doubt they wish they could.

The line of bearing is not being formed very well; but Collingwood is bent on getting some formation of the kind. He orders the *Belleisle* to "take station bearing S.W. from Admiral"—that will keep her at any rate from coming in straight behind the *Royal Sovereign*. Five minutes afterwards he gives the *Revenge* an order of the same kind: "Take station bearing from Admiral, as pointed out," followed by "make more sail." The *Revenge* is a fast

sailer, and we can see that she succeeds in taking station decidedly more towards the south, and thereby making a shorter cut towards the enemy's rear.

Now Nelson is signalling again—not to his own division but to Collingwood's, which of course as Commander-in-Chief he has a perfect right to do. He orders the *Mars*, one of the fastest ships, to "take station astern of *Royal Sovereign*." What does this mean? Collingwood knows. It means that Nelson wants to get *Royal Sovereign* back a place or two from the head of the line, as she ought to be in the true Order of Sailing. He intends to risk himself, but he does not want to risk Collingwood. Evidently *Tonnant* and *Belleisle* cannot overhaul the *Royal Sovereign*, but perhaps *Mars* can. Anyhow it is a hint to Collingwood not to be so foolhardy. Collingwood knows, but he ignores the hint, and immediately repeats his former signal to the whole of his division: "Take station bearing from the Admiral, as pointed out, and make more sail."

Nelson goes on signalling to the *Mars*. At ten minutes past ten he orders her outright to "head the larboard column"—that was her proper place in the order of battle. We can see her straining every inch of her canvas to do it; but Collingwood does not wait for her. Nelson can see that he is not shortening sail. At 10.45 he repeats the order to the *Mars*, "Head the column." Her master "crowds her with studding sails," but to no purpose; and Nelson gives her no more orders for the present. Collingwood is as obstinate as he is, and he admires him for it.

At 11 the fleets are only about two miles apart, perhaps less. The enemy are now quite stationary, with their topsails laid to the mast, "awaiting an attack." They are puzzled to know where the attack will fall. Their line has sagged into a sort of crescent, and their rear has come in so much that it is becoming almost parallel to our lee division—the best thing Collingwood could have desired, for his ships can each turn to starboard and go

straight for her "opponent in the line." They begin to do so, like a fan which is being moved forward and is opening gradually as it goes.

Nelson is now signalling to the little *Africa*, his smallest ship, lost sight of in the night and now coming in from the north to rejoin. "Make all sail possible, with safety to the masts." She has to come right along the enemy's line from van to centre, but she does not shirk.

At 11.21 the first shot of the day is heard. Who fired? It looks like *Bellerophon*—only a sighting shot, or perhaps an accident. The rebuke "cease fire" goes up on the *Victory's* signal halyards.

At 11.40 the *Victory's* telegraph begins working. Nelson is telling Collingwood, "I intend to pass or go through the end of the enemy's line to prevent them from getting into Cadiz." But his anxiety is groundless: the enemy are going to fight. They stay motionless, except for the slight advance of a ship here and there to close up the line. The only gap which remains is a rather wide one in the centre.

Now Nelson for the last time signals the *Mars* to "make more sail," but Collingwood replies by ordering all his division to do the same, and prepares for his final onset by signalling the *Belleisle* to "keep in close order." Nelson sees that the great moment is at hand; tactics are over for Collingwood: but there is one more word to be said to the whole fleet. Up it goes, never to come down again: "England expects that every man will do his duty." All this time Nelson's own column is heading straight for the first fourteen ships of the enemy, to the north of the gap. It is impossible to tell where he means to break the line, just as it is impossible to tell where a fine swordsman is going to drive in his blade. He does not know himself, from one moment to another: he is feeling by instinct for the right spot. Meantime he signals to the *Africa*, to "engage the enemy more closely." It may cost her her life, but it will keep the French busy in the van, and

perhaps blind them to his real intentions. Once more he orders her to "make all sail possible, with safety to the masts."

Meantime we can see that the *Téméraire* has been steadily gaining on the *Victory*, and is now creeping right up to her. Some one has been getting anxious about Nelson, and reminding him that he, like Collingwood, is not in his right place in the order of battle. *Victory* was not intended to lead the line, and it is very dangerous for the Commander-in-Chief to go first into such a fire. For a time Nelson seems to have consented. *Téméraire* may go ahead, if she can; but he is not going to shorten sail for her. Still she is coming up fast. No! there is Nelson, at the last moment, leaning over the side and shouting back with that slight nasal twang of his: "Captain Harvey, I'll thank you to keep in your proper station, which is *astern* of the *Victory*." And there is the signal aloft: "*Téméraire*—take station *astern* of *Victory*." It is followed by the last message to the whole fleet: "Engage the enemy more closely"; and that is to remain flying so long as there is an enemy left to engage.

Look once more at those quiet lines of high white-winged ships, drifting slowly over the calm heaving sea. It is easy to see now where every one of Collingwood's will strike: no one knows yet what Nelson's will do. Suddenly a white puff shoots out from the *Royal Sovereign's* bows, and the boom is instantly drowned in thunder from all the ships awaiting her. As she fires the French and Spanish Admirals all break their flags, and Nelson knows at last where Villeneuve is—in the 80-gun *Bucentaure*, almost in centre of the line. He turns to starboard and goes right at him. For a quarter of an hour the *Victory* is hammered by five ships without returning a shot. When she reaches the line there is no room to pass, the *Redoubtable* is too close up to the flagship. But if Nelson is to have his rival Chief, it must be this or nothing: he puts up his helm and crashes in under the *Bucentaure's* stern.

Téméraire and *Neptune* are with him: their broadsides follow one another like a prolonged peal of thunder; the whole centre of the battle is rolled in smoke.

4. COLLINGWOOD'S BATTLE

We have watched the advance of the two English divisions so far: the moment has come when we shall be able to watch them no longer, for they will one by one be lost in the dense cloud of smoke. We have seen the first English gun fired by the *Royal Sovereign*, and answered by five or six of the enemy: we have seen the Admirals on both sides show their flags, and the whole British fleet immediately hoist the famous "pale white ensign"—for Nelson, though he was a Vice-Admiral of the White, and Collingwood a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, would not allow any distinction to be made between the two divisions. For five minutes every glass in the fleet is turned on Collingwood's ship, sailing alone into the fire. "See," says Nelson, "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" And in the same moment, as though the words had been heard across the mile of sea between them, Collingwood answers: "What would Nelson give to be here!" Then he passes out of our sight, and so it is with all his ships as they reach the enemy in succession; we cannot see them: we must be content to hear the record of their doings in that tremendous fight.

The *Royal Sovereign* broke the line astern of the huge *Santa Ana*, the Spanish Admiral's flagship, and ahead of the *Fougueux*—"about the twelfth from the rear." In passing she raked the Spaniard with a double-shotted broadside, which put out of action fourteen guns and nearly 400 men: her starboard broadside she gave to the *Fougueux*, with less effect. She was then engaged by the *San Leandro*, *San Justo*, and *Indomptable* as well; but four of the five soon found they were injuring each other by their cross-fire, so they drew off and left the two three-deckers to fight it out. At 1.20 the *Santa Ana*'s mizzen-mast

went : at 2.10 she ceased firing : at 2.20 her other masts fell, and she surrendered. The *Royal Sovereign* herself was now unmanageable too, for her mainmast had come down astern and carried away the mizzen-mast with it. At 3 the *Euryalus* took her in tow, and at the end of the day she was lying near the *Victory*. The *Belleisle*, eight minutes after her leader, cut the line astern of the *Indomptable*, an 80-gun ship, firing into her and also into the *Fougueux* and *Santa Ana*. Her own mizzen-mast soon went, six feet above the deck, but she beat off the *Indomptable*. The *Fougueux* then turned upon her with the *San Juan Nepomuceno*. They shot all her rigging and sails away, but she beat them both off. The French *Achille* and the *Aigle* took their places, and the *San Justo* and *Leandro* added raking broadsides as they passed. Her mainmast now went by the board, and soon afterwards the French *Nep-tune* came down from Nelson's battle and shot away her foremast and bowsprit. Owing to the wreckage she was almost unable to fire a gun, but she nailed an ensign to the stump of a mast, and kept a Union Jack waving on a hand-spike. After holding out for three hours she was at last relieved by the *Polyphemus*, *Defiance*, and *Swiftsure*. The crews cheered each other, and the unbeaten *Belleisle* promptly "sent a boat and took possession of a Spanish 80-gun ship, *Argonauta*." They had lost 126 men killed and wounded.

The *Mars*, on her way down, suffered severely from the raking fire of the ships ahead of her, the *San Juan Nepomuceno*, *Pluton*, *Monarca*, and *Algésiras*. She attempted to break the line between the first two, but was driven in front of the *San Juan* by the *Pluton*, who followed and engaged her. Her sails being now shot to pieces, she nearly drifted aboard the *Santa Ana*, and was then raked by the *Monarca* and *Algésiras*, but the *Tonnant* came up and took them off her. She fired into the *Fougueux*, and was badly raked again by the *Pluton*, who swept her quarter-deck and killed her captain, George Duff. After

this she passed to leeward up the line into Nelson's battle, and ended by receiving on board as prisoners the French Commander-in-Chief, Villeneuve, with his Captain of the Fleet and retinue. Her loss was ninety-eight in all.

The *Tonnant* relieved the *Mars* by raking the *Algésiras* and capturing the *Monarca*. But Admiral Magon came on again in the *Algésiras*, and the *Pluton* and *San Juan Nepomuceno* joined him. The three of them shot away the *Tonnant's* fore and main top-masts, and wounded Captain Tyler. But the *Tonnant* was a very powerful 80-gun ship : she locked rigging with the *Algésiras*, and in forty minutes shot away her foremast and killed or wounded 200 of her crew, as well as Admiral Magon himself, with a loss of only seventy-six of her own men. The *Algésiras* then struck ; but meantime the *Monarca* rehoisted her colours, only to strike them a second time to the *Bellerophon*.

The *Bellerophon* got into action almost exactly at the same moment as the *Mars* and *Tonnant*, but of course further towards the rear. You will find some details of her fighting in the Adventures of John Franklin. Like the *Belleisle*, she was for a time isolated and attacked by four enemies at once. In thirty minutes she lost her main and mizzen-top-masts, her captain, and her master. But she stuck gloriously to her equally heroic opponent. *L'Aigle*, and almost destroyed her, hull and crew, so that she fell an easy prey to the *Defiance*, a fresh ship. So it happened again and again : one ship smashed an enemy, and another captured her. They played the game as a team, each for all and none for his own hand. To make them surrender was impossible, for they knew their friends would come if they held on.

The *Colossus* and *Achille* went in almost together, still more to starboard of their leaders. The *Achille* drove off the *Montanez*, and passed on to assist the *Belleisle*, who was drifting with three enemies upon her. On her way she fired into the French *Argonaute*, whom she claims to have taken. But at that moment her namesake, the French

Achille, came between and robbed her. The *Argonaute*, however, was a beaten ship—she escaped into Cadiz with her captain and 400 men killed and wounded. The *Achille* now took on a fresh enemy, the *Berwick*, and in one hour had completely ruined her; when she struck all her masts were tottering, her hull “dreadfully cut up,” her captain and many officers killed, with more than fifty men, and nearly 200 wounded. The English *Achille* lost seventy-two men.

The *Colossus* received a galling fire as she approached “her opponent in the enemy’s line.” This was the French *Swiftsure*, and having engaged her the *Colossus* immediately lost her again in the smoke. She then found herself alongside the *Argonaute*, just escaped from the English *Achille*, and in ten minutes silenced her remaining guns. She next engaged the *Bahama* and the French *Swiftsure* in one of the most desperate fights of the day. Her two enemies had already helped to disable the *Bellerophon*; they now shot away the mizzen-mast of the *Colossus*, and cost her 200 killed and wounded—a loss one-third greater than that of any other English ship. But in return she disabled and captured them both, with the help of one telling broadside from the *Orion*, who had come down from Nelson’s battle. These two prizes were among the four saved and taken to Gibraltar.

Next came a group of three ships, the *Dreadnought*, *Polyphemus*, and *Revenge*. The *Revenge* seems to have struck in ahead of the others—she claims to have been in action only ten minutes after the *Royal Sovereign*. She broke the line “between the fifth and sixth ships from the rear,” and began by giving *L’Aigle* a couple of raking broadsides. Then Gravina’s flagship, the three-decker *Principe de Asturias*, attacked her as well, and she had a hard time of it. She lost seventy-nine men, and had all her topsail yards shot away, her bowsprit and all her masts wounded, and three guns dismounted. But she pounded away till the *Dreadnought* came up and saved her.

The *Dreadnought* was a three-decker with 98 guns, and

she began by half stunning the *Principe de Asturias*, then turned upon the *San Juan* and captured her in thirty-five minutes, and began again upon the *Principe*. That unfortunate ship was now receiving the *Thunderer's* fire also ; she was losing heavily, and soon made sail for Cadiz with 148 officers and men killed or wounded, including Admiral Gravina himself, who died after his left arm had been amputated. The *Dreadnought* followed her, but failed to overtake or disable her.

The *Polyphemus*, a 64-gun ship, came up in company with the *Dreadnought*, who hailed her and asked to be allowed to pass and attack the *Principe*, being a three-decker and a better match for her. So the *Polyphemus* went on down the rear, and raked the stern of the French *Achille*, bringing down her mizzen-mast and silencing her guns. Thinking she had struck, the *Polyphemus* left her and helped the *Defence* to take the *San Ildefonso*. She then headed off the *Berwick* and *Argonaute*, who had struck but were trying to get away to Cadiz : the *Argonaute* eventually succeeded.

The *Swiftsure* took her share in fighting that strong and unfortunate ship the French *Achille*, but her log gives no account of the action.

The *Defiance* first attacked the *Principe de Asturias*, who hauled off, and then *L'Aigle*, who had already fought five English ships, and been almost beaten by the *Belle-rophon*. The *Defiance* grappled her and boarded at once, hoisting the English colours on her. But the Frenchmen went on firing desperately from the tops, the forecastle, and the lower deck. The English boarders were called off, the lashing cast off, and the ships allowed to drift a pistol shot apart : then the broadside opened again. This was too much for the dying *Aigle* : in half an hour she called for quarter, and well she might. Her hull was pierced in every direction, her starboard quarter beaten in, and of her splendid crew, the finest in the French fleet, 270 were killed and wounded. She was an Eagle worthy of her name.

The *Defence* and *Thunderer* came up next, both very late. The *Defence* engaged the *Berwick*, who headed off, and then the *San Ildefonso*, who soon struck to her and the *Polyphemus*. The *Thunderer* began by going to the help of the *Revenge*, who was also being assisted by the *Dreadnought*. The French *Neptune* joined the *Principe de Asturias* in fighting them, but in the end both ships took to flight.

The last ship of the lee division was the *Prince*. Being a slow sailer, and very much behind at the start, she was ordered to "take station as convenient," and came down between the two columns. She did not get into action till about three o'clock, and was the only ship in the fleet that suffered no loss at all. But she was not useless: she helped the *Dreadnought* by giving the *Principe de Asturias* two broadsides, and then went on down the van finishing off wounded ships. She must have been a terrible sight, with her ninety-eight guns and her uninjured sails, as she bore down on the French *Achille*. That gallant ship was dying, like the *Aigle*. She had fought the great *Belleisle*, the English *Achille*, the *Swiftsure*, and the *Polyphemus*; her guns were silent, her foretop in flames, but she would not strike her flag. Then came the three-decker, fresh and fierce: "gave her three broadsides, which cut away her masts and set her on fire . . . out boats to save the crew. Saved 140 men." It was now four o'clock. Collingwood's battle was over, with fifteen ships against nineteen he had "completed the business of the rear."

5. NELSON'S BATTLE

The enemy had been firing at Collingwood for five or ten minutes, and he was now in the act of breaking their line, when Nelson's battle began. The *Victory*, with the ships immediately astern of her, had been heading in the direction of the French van, and the log of the *Euryalus* records that "the van and centre of the enemy's line opened a heavy fire" upon her. After two minutes of this,

“ Lord Nelson returned the enemy’s fire in the centre and van in a determined, cool, and steady manner.” The *Victory* then altered her course to starboard, and made for the French Admiral’s flagship in the centre. Her own log says that she “ opened our fire on the enemy’s van in passing down their line.”

The *Téméraire* and *Neptune* were close behind her, so close that they had to advance at last *en échelon*, each on the starboard quarter of her next ahead. The sight of these three great three-deckers, moving slowly and irresistibly down upon him, made a tremendous impression upon Villeneuve. He told Captain Blackwood two days after the battle “ that he never saw anything like the irresistible line of our ships : but that of the *Victory*, supported by the *Neptune* and *Téméraire*, was what he could not have formed any judgment of.”

But during this last 500 yards of her approach the *Victory* began to suffer heavily from the concentrated fire. Her mizzen-topmast was shot away, her sails riddled, her wheel broken, and many of her men killed and wounded. At last she was able to strike back. Sixteen minutes after the firing began she passed under the *Bucentaure*’s stern and fired into her, first her forecastle carronade—a sixty-eight pounder loaded with a huge round-shot and a keg of 500 musket balls—and then a double-shotted broadside. The smoke blew back into the *Victory*’s port-holes in a suffocating cloud : black dust from the crumbled wood-work covered her quarter-deck. The gun crews listened with joy to the crashing of their shot from stern to stem of their enemy : by this one broadside the French Admiral afterwards acknowledged to have lost over 400 men, and had twenty guns dismounted.

Behind the *Bucentaure* lay the French *Neptune*, and she immediately raked the *Victory*’s bows as she came hard round to starboard and ran on board the *Redoubtable*. “ I cannot help it,” Nelson had said to Hardy ; “ it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which

you please : take your choice." In a moment the two ships were firmly locked together by their rigging, and both crews were anxious to board : but the Frenchmen were prevented by the firing of the *Victory's* starboard carronade, loaded with bullets as before, and by a broadside from the *Téméraire*, which cut them down in a heap ; while the English suffered heavily by the hand grenades and bullets from the enemy's tops, one of which struck down Nelson himself within an hour after the two ships grappled. But I will tell you more of that presently.

In the meantime the *Téméraire* was making herself an everlasting name. She went with Nelson into the thick of the enemy, engaging the *Santisima Trinidad* and two other ships at once. Then when the *Victory* had locked on the larboard side of the *Redoubtable*, the *Téméraire* grappled the Frenchman's starboard side, and at the same time engaged the *Fougueux* with her own starboard broadside. There the four ships lay, all lashed together, English and French alternately, and it was the *Téméraire* who captured both the Frenchmen. She began by boarding the *Redoubtable*, and had just taken her when the *Fougueux* came up to the rescue. This ship had been driven off by the *Royal Sovereign* and *Belleisle*, and had crossed the gap into Nelson's battle. When she got within a hundred yards the *Téméraires* gave her a full broadside, and when she drifted alongside they caught her fore-rigging and lashed it to their own spare anchor. When the Frenchmen had struck, the *Redoubtable's* main-yard and all the wreck of sails and rigging fell on to the *Téméraire's* poop, and entirely encumbered the after part of the ship. In that condition, with a prize lashed to each side and the greater part of her batteries out of action, the fighting *Téméraire* continued to fight, raking the *Santisima Trinidad* with some of her foremost guns.

The *Victory* lost 132 men, the *Téméraire* 123, and both had their rigging cut to pieces and all masts badly wounded. Moreover, the *Téméraire* was so crushed between her two

enemies that eight feet of her lower deck were stove in on the starboard side, and the whole of her quarter-galleries on both sides were carried away. But all this was nothing to the losses of the *Redoubtable*, who had, according to the French official returns, out of a crew of 643, 300 killed and 222 wounded, including nearly the whole of her officers.

The English *Neptune* was close upon the *Victory* and *Téméraire*; she gave her first broadside to the *Bucentaure*, and then passed on to the huge *Santisima Trinidad*, whose main- and mizzen-masts she shot away by the board in about an hour and a half, and her foremast ten minutes later; after which the Spanish colours came down and the English Jack was waved over her quarter. The Neptunes deserved this honour, for they had stuck close to the great Spaniard, with only 98 guns against her 130; but they were helped from time to time by the fire of the *Téméraire*, *Britannia*, *Leviathan*, and *Conqueror*. Their loss was only forty-four killed and wounded.

There is curiously little known about the doings of the *Britannia*, the flagship of Nelson's rear-admiral Lord Northesk. It is not even certain whether she was fourth, sixth, or twelfth in the line: but the French staff-captain Majendie places her fourth. She began by attacking the *Santisima Trinidad*, but seeing her totally dismasted she continued her course, "in order to break through the centre of the enemy's line, engaging on both sides in passing through their ships." Afterwards, as you will see, she helped to beat off the counter-attack of the French van. Her total loss was 52.

The *Leviathan* also began with the *Santisima*, and also left her when she saw the *Neptune* shoot away her masts. She passed on to the French *Neptune*, who though commanded by Maistral, a captain of high reputation, went off before the wind and hauled up into Collingwood's battle. There, as you have already heard, she shot away the foremast and bowsprit of the *Belleisle*, after which she ran again, and arrived in Cadiz "perfect."

The *Conqueror* followed the *Leviathan*, but hauled up to the stern of the unhappy *Bucentaure*, and finished the *Victory*'s work with her. In twenty-five minutes she brought down her main- and mizzen-masts, and immediately after, while engaging the *Santisima* with her other broadside, she shot away her foremast, and the French Commander-in-Chief hauled down his flag. Captain James Atcherley of the marines took possession of the *Bucentaure*, and brought off Villeneuve and his two captains in his boat ; but the *Conqueror* had no time to wait for captured Admirals, and had gone to fight elsewhere. So the prisoners were taken on board the *Mars*. But they were really Nelson's prisoners, for the *Victory* had killed the *Bucentaure* as she passed with a single blow.

The *Ajax* came up forty minutes after the *Victory*, engaging on both sides as she broke the line, but with what ships she does not say. She afterwards joined the *Britannia* in defending the prizes and beating off the French van. The *Agamemnon* opened fire an hour and ten minutes after the action commenced, and records that she "observed a Spanish four-decker (the *Santisima Trinidad*) which was engaged by the *Neptune*, *Conqueror*, and *Agamemnon*, lose her masts and strike her colours," but "was prevented from boarding her by four ships of the enemy's line that kept up a heavy fire upon us." Half an hour afterwards the *Agamemnon* "hailed a ship which we had engaged and struck. Told her to hoist English colours. Engaging the enemy's ships as most convenient." That phrase, "as most convenient," is delightful, and shows that the mid., who probably wrote it, knew his signal-book well.

Next comes the little *Africa*, one of only three 64's present that day, and she had the glory of going into action all by herself. She had lost her fleet in the night, and when day broke found herself some miles to the north. She headed accordingly for the *Victory* by the straightest line possible, and to do that she had to run the gauntlet

of the whole of the enemy's van—ten ships all bigger than herself. She fired into them every one, and then “ bore down to the assistance of the *Neptune*, engaging the *Santisima Trinidad*.” Then when the big Spaniard struck she impudently “ sent Lieutenant Smith with a party to take possession of her ”—the smallest ship trying to bag the biggest one. But on boarding the *Santisima* Lieutenant Smith was informed that she had not struck, and the Spanish officer bowed him back into his boat. The French van were coming to the rescue, and the *Africa* gallantly attacked the *Intrépide*, a 74, who killed and wounded 62 of her men and nearly beat her altogether. She was saved by the *Orion*.

The *Orion* also played a singular part. By the time she got near the enemy, her captain, Codrington, saw that Nelson's first seven ships were beating the four they had enveloped, and the enemy's van was apparently out of action ; the *Orion* therefore steered south for the lee division—the only English ship who belonged to one column and went into action with the other. But after passing the *Santa Ana* (“dismasted and had struck”) and “the *Royal Sovereign*, *Mars*, *Colossus*, *Tonnant*, aboard and surrounded by several of the enemy's ships, all dismasted or nearly so,” she saw that Collingwood's battle was over, and crossed back into Nelson's, where she found the *Victory* and *Téméraire* with their three French opponents “all in hot action.” She then engaged the French van successfully, as you will see, with a loss of only twenty-four men.

6. THE FRENCH COUNTER-STROKE

The *Minotaur* and *Spartiate*, the last two ships of Nelson's division, had not yet come into action when the French Commander-in-Chief, before surrendering, made the signal to his ships in the van to take any position that would bring them most promptly under fire. Their difficulty had been, and still was, that they were lying almost becalmed, in the wind's eye, and could not get round. For

a long time they had been uncertain what part of their line Nelson was going to attack, and that was one of the great advantages of his plan. It was not till about an hour and a half after the breaking of the line that they began to come round. If they had made up their minds to begin the movement earlier, or if they could have performed it more quickly, they might have made it far more difficult for Nelson's division to keep them from "interrupting" Collingwood.

It was about half-past three, according to the *Euryalus*, that Hardy found it necessary to make the signal for Nelson's division—those of them who could move—to come to the wind and fend off the counter-stroke that was threatening. Collingwood, who was helpless himself, ordered the *Euryalus* to make the same signal to the *Minotaur*, *Spartiate*, and *Thunderer*. By this time the five nearest French and Spanish ships had come round—the *Héros*, *Intrépide*, *San Agustin*, *San Francisco de Asis*, and the three-decker *Rayo*—and they attacked at once, "bore down on us," says the *Conqueror's* log, "and commenced a heavy fire. Three of our ships coming to our assistance (these were probably *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, and *Britannia*), the enemy passed our starboard quarter. Bore up to assist the *Leviathan*, who was in close action with a Spanish two-decker *San Agustin*." In a short time "the enemy's mizzen-mast went over the side. . . . the *Leviathan* boarded her and took possession of her."

Seeing themselves defeated, some of these ships thought of escaping, and this they had a chance of doing, for they were on the leeward side of the battle. The *Héros* got off to Cadiz, with her captain dead and all her topmasts shot away. The *San Francisco de Asis* and *Rayo* also escaped for the time, but the one was wrecked, and the other captured by the *Leviathan* without a struggle two days afterwards. The *Intrépide* was gallantly attacked by the little *Africa*, whose fire she almost silenced. But help came in time. The *Orion* "opened fire on the stern of one of the

enemy's ships endeavouring to make off from the ships opposed to her." I think the *Orion* must have been mistaken in thinking Captain Infemet was trying to run. His own countrymen say that by this day's work he gained a place among the French seamen of immortal renown, having engaged two, three, four, or even five enemies at once. Certainly his surrender was inevitable. The *Leviathan* was giving him one of her broadsides, *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* were closing upon him, the *Africa* had been doing her best for three-quarters of an hour, and the *Orion* made short work. In less than a quarter of an hour she got away all his masts, and sent Lieutenant Croft to take possession. The *Intrépide*'s officers stated her loss at near 200 killed and wounded.

In the meantime the other five ships of the combined van got round with greater difficulty, the *Formidable* and one or two others being towed round by their own boats. They hauled to the wind and came right down the line on the windward side. Admiral Dumanoir led in the *Formidable*, followed by the *Scipion*, *Mont Blanc*, *Duguay-Trouin*, and the Spanish *Neptuno*. They fired first at the *Conqueror*, and one shot killed two of her officers, First Lieutenant Lloyd and Third Lieutenant St. George, while St. George was in the act of congratulating Lloyd on his certainty of promotion. The *Victory* and *Téméraire* lay next in their path, for they kept out to windward to avoid the *Leviathan*, *Britannia*, and *Mars*, who were then in action with the first ships breaking away to leeward. In the opinion of the French staff, that was just what Admiral Dumanoir ought not to have done; he ought to have struck in to leeward to help his friends. Even now he might have done a smart thing, for on his starboard bow the *Minotaur* and *Spartiate* were just coming up; he was in a position to cut them off before they could reach their fleet. He did not try: he passed between them and the battle, and contented himself with firing into the *Victory* and *Téméraire* on his way. He did them little harm, but by strange fortune

injured their two prizes, the *Redoutable* and *Fougueux*. You may remember how Charles heard, at Gibralter, that Dumanoir fired intentionally at his own friends to punish them for surrendering. We need not believe that ; but he certainly was bent on getting away, for after another broadside at the *Royal Sovereign* he gave up and fled south towards the Straits, without even trying to pass round the rear and join his companions in Cadiz.

The *Minotaur* and *Spartiate* not only did their best to stop him, fighting him hard for half an hour, two against five, but when he got away they closed on his tail ship and captured her. "Observed the sternmost, a Spanish, ship's rigging and sails very much cut up. Lay to on her quarter, firing obliquely through her ; she returning at times from her sternchase and quarter guns." So says the *Spartiate's* log ; and then after another half-hour, "wore, not being able to bring our guns to bear, to engage her on the other tack, the other four ships having left her." Twelve minutes more, and she had her mizzen-mast shot away ; at last, two hours after the *Spartiate's* first attack, she struck, after having been very much disabled. She proved to be *El Neptuno*, 80 guns. The two English 74's who thus hunted in couples had been opponents at the Nile, where the *Minotaur* captured the *Spartiate*. At Trafalgar their losses were very nearly equal—twenty-five for one and twenty-three for the other.

The double counter-stroke had failed ; the battle was lost and won. The smoke was clearing away, but daylight was fading fast. Dumanoir and his four ships were disappearing to the southward : a ragged string were making north for Cadiz—the *Héros* and *Rayo* from the van, followed by the French *Neptune*, the *San Leandro*, and the *Montanez* from the centre, the *Principe de Asturias* and the *Pluton* from the rear. Fifty ships lay intermingled, half ruined and almost motionless upon the water. In the van the *Santisima Trinidad* was hoisting English colours ; in the rear the French *Achille* was burning ; in

the centre Nelson lay dying. "Oh, *Victory*, *Victory*, how you distract my poor brain!" he exclaimed, when the wounded ship roared her last broadside at the flying van to windward. A few minutes afterwards he was gone, and the fighting ceased.

For an hour the twilight fell more rapidly, but the flames of the French *Achille* lit up the sky like a gigantic funeral pyre. At half-past five she burnt to her powder-magazine and blew up. This, says Captain Harvey of the *Téméraire*, was "the most extraordinary and magnificent sight which can be conceived."

Silence and darkness followed : the Battle of Trafalgar was over.

7. THE DEATH OF NELSON

The story of Trafalgar is not only the story of our greatest battle, but the story of the death of our greatest national hero. Of this we have a full and trustworthy account from Dr. Beatty, the surgeon of the *Victory*.

He begins by telling us that as the *Victory* drew near to the enemy, Lord Nelson, accompanied by Captain Hardy and the captains of the four frigates, who had been called on board by signal to receive instructions, visited the different decks of the ship. He addressed the crew at their several quarters, warning them against firing a single shot without being sure of their object, and he told the officers that he was highly satisfied with the arrangements they had made.

The officers themselves were not so well satisfied ; they were anxious for the Admiral's safety, and began to talk to each other about it. At last the surgeon told the chaplain, Dr. Scott, how they feared the Admiral might be a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, and how they wished that some one would ask him to cover up the stars on his coat. Dr. Scott and the Public Secretary (who was also named Scott) both replied to this that they were quite

sure Lord Nelson would only be displeased by such a suggestion. Soon afterwards the surgeon was ordered below, and nothing was done.

When the enemy began to fire, Captain Blackwood, who was a favourite of Nelson's, did venture to speak to him. He proposed first that the Admiral should leave the *Victory* and hoist his flag in the *Euryalus* frigate, from which he could safely see all that was going on, and signal accordingly. This was a very reasonable plan, but was not at all the kind of plan for Nelson. "He would not hear of it, and gave as his reason the force of example ; and probably he was right." Captain Blackwood goes on to say that "my next object was to induce him to allow the *Téméraire*, *Neptune*, and *Leviathan* to lead into action before the *Victory*." He assured Nelson that Captain Hardy agreed with him in thinking it advantageous for the fleet that the admiral should keep out of the battle as long as possible ; and Nelson at last consented, as we have already seen, to allow the *Téméraire* to go ahead. But of course he never allowed her to do it ; to be in the battle as soon as possible was what he himself wished. He knew what he was risking ; he even knew what the end would be. When at last he found that the enemy's shot was passing over the *Victory*, he sent away his frigate captains with a message to the other ships of his division. Blackwood shook hands with him on the poop, and said : "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the *Victory*, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes." Nelson replied to this : "God bless you, Blackwood ; I shall never speak to you again."

At half-past one, about an hour after the *Victory* had run on board the *Redoubtable*, the Admiral was walking the middle of the quarter deck with Captain Hardy. As he was almost standing still, in the act of turning from the hatchway towards the stern of the ship, a rifleman fired at him from the enemy's mizzen-top, not more than fifteen

yards away. The ball struck the gold epaulette on his left shoulder, passed through the chest and spine, and lodged in the muscles of the back, towards the right side below the shoulder-blade. He fell with his face on the deck. Secker, the sergeant-major of marines, and two seamen immediately raised him up, while Hardy, who was just a step ahead, turned round and asked if he was severely wounded. Nelson replied: "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," answered Hardy. "Yes," said Nelson, "my backbone is shot through."

Hardy then ordered the seamen to carry him below to the surgeon. As they went Nelson saw that the tiller ropes had been shot away, and were not yet replaced. He ordered a midshipman to go up to Captain Hardy and remind him that this should be seen to at once. Then he took out his handkerchief and covered his face with it, so that the crew should not recognise him as he was carried past them.

When he was brought to the cockpit, several of the wounded called out to the surgeon: "Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here. Mr. Beatty, the Admiral is wounded." The surgeon looked round—it was he himself who wrote the only account of all this—and saw the handkerchief fall from the wounded man's face; the stars on the coat were uncovered too—it was indeed Nelson. "Ah! Mr. Beatty, you can do nothing for me. I have but a short time to live; my back is shot through."

The surgeon said he hoped not. He then had him stripped and laid on a bed in one of the midshipmen's berths, and examined the wound. There was not much to be seen; but from the sensations which the wound caused, the gush of blood inside the breast, pain in the spine, and loss of feeling below, the surgeon knew that it was mortal. He told this to Dr. Scott, the chaplain, and his two assistant surgeons, and afterwards to Captain Hardy; but he concealed it from every one else till after the victory was completed and announced to the Admiral.

The *Victory's* crew cheered from time to time when they

saw an enemy's ship strike, and Nelson anxiously asked what the noise meant. Lieutenant Pasco, who lay near him, raised himself up and explained : this satisfied and pleased him. But he now felt a burning thirst, and kept asking to be fanned, and to be given drink. They fanned him with paper, and gave him lemonade and weak wine and water.

He became very anxious about the battle, and about the safety of his friend Hardy. He sent message after message, saying often, " Will no one bring Hardy to me ? He must be killed : he is surely destroyed." Presently a message came back that the Captain would come at the first possible moment. Nelson heard this, and asked who was speaking. When they told him it was Mr. Bulkeley, the aide-de-camp, he said, " It is his voice " ; and then to Bulkeley, " Remember me to your father."

At last, after an hour's waiting, Hardy came to him and took his hand. " Well, Hardy," he said, " how goes the battle ? How goes the day with us ? "

Hardy told him of the capture of twelve or fourteen ships. " I hope," said the Admiral, " none of *our* ships have struck, Hardy." " No my Lord," replied Hardy, " there is no fear of that." Then Nelson said, " I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast : it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy then pressed his hand again and went back on deck.

The Admiral now ordered the surgeon away to look to the other wounded, but sent for him again to say that all power of motion and feeling below his breast were gone. " And you," he said, " very well *know* I can live but a short time." He repeated, " *You know* I am gone " ; and then at last poor Mr. Beatty broke down. " My Lord," he said, " unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you " : and he turned away to hide his tears.

After another interval of an hour Hardy came down

once more. He took Nelson's hand again, and held it while he congratulated him on his brilliant victory, which he said was now complete : it was impossible to see every ship distinctly, but he was certain of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered. The Admiral answered, " That is well, but I bargained for twenty " ; and then, " Anchor, Hardy, anchor ! "

" I suppose," said Hardy, " Admiral Collingwood will now take upon him the direction of affairs."

At this Nelson tried to raise himself from the bed. " Not while I live, I hope," he exclaimed. " No ! do *you* anchor, Hardy."

He then said he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more, and added in a low tone, " Don't throw me overboard, Hardy." When Hardy had promised this he said, " Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy " : and when Hardy had knelt down and kissed him, he said, " Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy kissed him once more, and left him for the last time.

For a few minutes the dying Admiral kept repeating more and more painfully. " Thank God, I have done my duty." Then the last broadsides of the battle were heard, as the four ships of the French van made their escape to windward of the English fleet. " Partial firing," says the *Victory's* log, " continued until 4.30, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B. and Commander-in-Chief, he then died of his wound."

V

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

1. STRATEGY, ENGLISH AND GERMAN

THE victory of the British Fleet over the Germans off the coast of Jutland was not merely a victory in the ordinary sense of the term. It was certainly a magnificent fight, tremendous, picturesque, and heroic in every detail, and ending in a triumphant pursuit of the enemy ; but, for its true importance, we must look further than this. The full greatness of such a victory can only be realised by those who bear in mind certain first principles of war. They can fortunately be stated very shortly and understood very easily.

The object of a commander in war is to destroy, disarm, or neutralise the action of the armed forces of the enemy.

This can seldom be attained by a naval force only, because nations do not live on the sea but on land. Britain is the only Great Power which could be completely brought down by a naval defeat ; the rest, not being island powers, could not be isolated and starved out by fleets without armies.

But for the defence of our islands and our trade, and for the assistance of our armies and those of our Allies, a navy is indispensable. For our enemies a navy is indispensable too, if they mean to interfere with our trade or the transport of our armies.

The final object of the fleets then, on both sides, is the

same. Whichever side succeeds in achieving it will be able to keep its own trade going, blockade the enemy's warships and merchantmen, and convey its own expeditionary forces overseas at will.

The immediate object of both sides will be to control the enemy's main fleet—not merely their cruisers, flotilla, or transports, but their capital ships, their chief organised force of battleships. Nothing else than this will, in the long run, be of any avail. In war, then, the obvious method will be to go directly for this control and achieve it. That is the game of the stronger side.

The weaker side is almost always compelled to play a different game. Knowing its inferiority it will try to put the balance right by some dodge, some lucky stroke, or by a succession of small scores. It will avoid battle as long as possible, and, if forced to fight, will always try to break off before the decisive point. In the meantime it will attempt to weaken the enemy by torpedoing a cruiser here and a destroyer there, and capturing anything from tramps to trawlers.

The experience of all naval war has taught us very clearly the difficulty of this second method. We know that you cannot destroy an enemy's trade until you have bottled or beaten his main fleet: and that a weaker fleet has never succeeded in beating a stronger one by sniping or piecemeal assassination.

The Germans know this too, but they have not ventured to act on it. They have fallen into the old temptation of the weaker power. Instead of fitting themselves to grapple and sink the British Grand Fleet, they have wasted their time and resources in commerce-raiding; and since they despaired of obtaining the real control of the North Sea, they have devoted their efforts to all kinds of actions which might deceive neutrals and their own people into the belief that they had done so.

We do not know how far they have been able to keep up this deception at home. Perhaps, in Germany, it is not

yet universally known that the seas are absolutely closed to German trade, and that a hundred and fifty of their submarines have been sunk or captured without achieving a diminution of our merchant fleet in any way disabling. But, by April, 1916, it could no longer be concealed that the British Fleet was blockading Germany with very embarrassing results.

The Germans therefore determined to send the High Seas Fleet out, and this was a right decision. But though right as regards method, it was in spirit necessarily half-hearted. It was not a resolve to stake everything on a fight to a finish, but another attempt to play at the game of "Tom Tiddler's Ground"—to run out and hit the enemy and get away again before being caught.

In the Battle of Jutland, then, the immediate object of the two fleets was not the same. Admiral Jellicoe and his men had only one desire—to come to grips with the enemy, and not to let go till the question of the command of the sea was finally settled. As Nelson once wrote at a similar crisis: "The event would have been in the hands of Providence; but we may, without vanity, believe that the enemy would have been fit for no active service after such a battle." He was quite ready to fight against odds and be "soundly beaten" if only we could so damage the enemy that they could "do us no harm this year." And that must always be the main principle for a British Admiral: our aim must always be a life-or-death fight.

Admirals von Scheer and von Hipper were in a very different position. Their main object was to come home again, of course with as much credit as possible, but above all with as little loss. To catch part of our fleet with the whole of theirs, and destroy or badly damage it—that was good enough strategy in its way. But as in their previous raids, so in this, they made their plans with a view not to remaining in possession of the field of battle, but to running away at the moment of greatest advantage.

If we bear in mind these two aims, the English and the

German, we shall find the story of the battle much more interesting, and we shall understand its importance. For the importance of a victory lies, not in the glory or excitement of it, nor in the balance of losses inflicted, but solely in the result of it upon the course of the War.

2. BEATTY AND THE BATTLE-CRUISERS

During the forenoon of Wednesday, May 31, 1916, an aerial observer flying low and fast over the North Sea, might have seen a sight to take his breath. A German squadron of five battle-cruisers, attended by a swarm of light cruisers and destroyers, was steaming north-west from Wilhelmshaven to a point near the entrance of the Skagerrack and opposite to the Jutland Bank, on the coast of Denmark. Nearing that same point from another direction was a similar squadron of six British battle-cruisers, also with light cruisers and destroyers spread out before them.

The British Squadron was out upon its ordinary duty of periodically sweeping the North Sea, to enforce our effective command of it. The German Squadron was out upon a special "enterprise"—it was venturing upon our ground either for a coast raid, or in order to convoy commerce-raiders through to the Atlantic, or—more probably still—to try and snatch a success by surprising our cruisers. It was not their intention to attack six of our battle-cruisers with five of their own. The German Admiral planned to beat six—or even ten—ships with twenty-eight, and to get home again without a general action. The British Commander-in-Chief planned to hold with ten ships any number that might encounter them until he could swing in his full force and make it a fight to a finish.

The action which resulted cannot yet be fully described; but it is possible to get a fairly good idea of it by following the time-table and plan given in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch, and amplifying with details from personal narratives. Of these narratives I have over thirty before me,

some in manuscript and some in print.¹ They are from officers and men of all ranks, and some of the best are by midshipmen; but, in order to avoid certain objections, the writers' names and rank will be concealed, when passages are quoted, under single letters corresponding to their order in my list.

Contact between the opposing fleets was, of course, first made by the light cruisers. "At 2.10," says A, "while we were scouting, the *Galatea* hoisted the signals 'Prepare for immediate action,' 'Enemy in sight.' At that time we were proceeding at 22 knots, but we accelerated the speed to 32 knots. Of course, at the very first signal, every man went to his proper station. We sighted two enemy destroyers attacking or boarding the steamer *Fjord*; but, needless to say, they did not trouble much about her when we made our appearance. We opened fire at 2.23 P.M. and they replied, but were considerably out of range. We were just beginning to enjoy ourselves when the appearance of three heavy enemy cruisers considerably increased our danger. We sent in salvo after salvo, but nothing struck us, and when we had learned all we could we turned to port and started to meet our main Battle Fleet. By this time we were in the midst of shells, and although we were hotly engaged we decreased our speed to 25 knots to allow the enemy to close a little. But heavier shells caused us again to increase our speed. We were never out of sight of the German Fleet. The two other ships of our squadron came tearing up, repeated our signals—'Enemy in Sight'—and opened fire at them."

The "three heavy cruisers" were the leading ships of von Hipper's battle-cruiser squadron, which consisted of the *Lützow*, *Derfflinger*, *Moltke*, *Seydlitz* and *Von der Tann*. When the *Galatea*'s signal was taken in by our battle-cruisers, many junior officers were surprised.

¹ The printed ones have appeared in *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Weekly Dispatch*, to the editors of which I make my grateful acknowledgments.

"I thought we were out on a stunt," says B, "but I did not think it was going to be the pukka stunt. I was in my bunk, having a nap after lunch, when my servant came and woke me up and told me that we had to take battle stations. . . . I tumbled out pretty quick and got to my place." That was at 2.20, and Admiral Beatty at once altered course to S.S.E. so as to get between the enemy and his base. At 3.30 he formed his line of battle—*Lion* (flag), *Queen Mary*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *Indefatigable*, *New Zealand*. The light cruisers came in and took stations ahead of the line, with the destroyers. Speed was increased to 25 knots, and the course changed to E.S.E. in order to converge on the enemy, who were 23,000 yards away. At 18,500 yards the *Lion* fired the first shot. The time was then 3.48 P.M. and the 5th Battle Squadron was 10,000 yards behind to the N.N.W.

B continues as follows: "Those first few minutes were pretty bad, for the Huns got in on us first, and their shooting was just wonderful. Every shell seemed to get home. But when we started we gave them something to go on with. . . . My goodness, what a sight it was! I have seen some ships in my time, and a good number at a time, but I would hardly have believed there were so many ships in the world as I saw on that Wednesday. The water seemed alive with them, and the further you looked the more ships there seemed to be. Of course, of the general action, I have only a very vague and confused idea. We seemed to engage two or three ships, and then they seemed to disappear or limp away. We got hit fairly often, but never in a vital spot, and the longer the game went on the wilder the Huns' shooting became. Our fellows were as steady as rocks, and our shooting was as good as at battle practice, and that's pretty good. But with the awful noise one could hardly realise what was really going on."

The despatches tell us nothing about the fighting from 4.15 to 4.43 except that it was "of a very fierce and resolute character." But we know that during this time the

Indefatigable and *Queen Mary* were lost. D says, "The first four minutes of the battle saw most of the damage done to our big ships. I saw the *Queen Mary* and the *Indefatigable* go down. The *Indefatigable* received a most tremendous pounding. You could see the big ship literally staggering under the enormous weight of metal she received. I think that she must have gone down in about two minutes after she received the first broadside. . . . Of course what we wanted to do was to hold on to them at any cost until Admiral Jellicoe with the big lot could come up. Then we knew that we should blow them out of the water ; so naturally Beatty was prepared, and so were all of us, to lose some cruisers. The only point was to hold on at any cost."

During this part of the action twelve of our destroyers made a fine attack. Before getting within torpedo range of the enemy's battle-cruisers they encountered a light cruiser and fifteen destroyers, of which they sank two and drove in the rest. At this moment, 4.38 P.M., the approach of the German Battle Fleet was reported by the light cruiser *Southampton*, and four minutes later they were sighted by Admiral Beatty. He grasped the situation instantly : since the enemy were out in overwhelming force, there was no longer any need for him to be between the German battle-cruisers and their base. They would not wish to retire but to press him, and his business was now to draw them on in the direction of our own Battle Fleet, which was approaching, as he knew, from the N.W. He therefore immediately signalled to alter course 16 points in succession to starboard—that is, to turn completely on his own track and steer about N.N.W. *Southampton* and the 2nd Light Cruiser Squadron held on southwards to observe. Von Hipper was probably at this point well pleased with himself. He had lost a battle-cruiser and some other ships ; but he had sunk two of ours, and his big brothers had come up just in the nick of time. Ten minutes after Beatty turned he made the same manœuvre,

and by so doing took station at the head of the German line of battleships. He must have thought that his trap had proved entirely successful.

3. BEATTY AND THE HIGH SEA FLEET

But von Hipper's own position was completely changed at this moment by the closing in of Admiral Evan-Thomas with his squadron of fast battleships—*Barham*, *Valiant*, *Warspite*, and *Malaya*. They came into action on their southerly or south-easterly course ; but turned 16 points shortly after Admiral Beatty, and took station astern of him. In this position they came, of course, under fire of the German main fleet, but their superior speed enabled them to keep abreast of the head of the enemy's line and out of shot of his rear. E gives this account of the immediate effect of their coming into line : “ A remarkable change took place with the arrival of the *Valiant*, which, with the *Barham*, was the first battleship to arrive. Together with the *Warspite*, which had been engaged with two battle-cruisers somewhere astern, one of which she sank, earlier in the afternoon, they concentrated their fire on the end vessel of the German line. It may seem incredible, but in two minutes the vessel had almost disappeared, only dense clouds of smoke and steam marking the spot where she had been. There was some satisfaction there, for it was that vessel—a three-funnelled battle-cruiser—which had put a lucky shot right through the *Barham* two minutes after she had opened fire. But the *Barham* had her own back. Yet that was not the only ship we sank. A sight that I shall never forget as long as I live was that of a great vessel that was lying helpless on the sea with her engines out of action. She continued to fire with deadly effect, evidently by control, so methodical were the salvos, till the *Barham* and *Valiant* opened fire on her at 14,000 yards. She literally crumpled up. Her after gun-turrets disappeared within sixty seconds ; her masts and funnels were the next to go ; and then, slowly

and horribly methodically, the great ton shells of the British vessels began to hit her in the same place at the same time with wonderful precision. They literally dug a hole in the German ship, till, with a tremendous explosion she blew up. . . . We had not escaped lightly, our superstructure being riddled and our decks ploughed up. Considering the number of shells which hit us, however, the loss of life was very small." E was in the *Tiger*; but we have an equally good account from F in the 5th Battle Squadron itself. "Suddenly we got the report, 'Enemy in sight,' and I think every one's heart gave a jump. At last, after all these weary months of waiting and preparation, were we going to get a look in at the be-all and end-all of our existence—action with the German Fleet? . . . The guns were loaded, and then round trained the turret on to our first target, a small light-cruiser nearer to us than is healthy for such craft. 'Fire!'—an eternity—and then bang! and away goes our first salvo. The shots fell near the enemy but she scuttled away. We let her have another, then ceased fire and turned our attention to bigger game that was now within range—the German battle-cruisers. . . . The firing now became very general indeed, and the continued roar and shriek of our own guns, coupled with one's work, left little opportunity to think about outside matters. The only predominant thing I, in common with orders, remember, was the rapid bang-bang-bang of our smaller secondary armament, as we thought; but, during a lull, we discovered that this was the German shell bursting on the water all round the ship with so loud an explosion that it could be heard right deep down in the heart of the ship. We were at this time receiving a very heavy fire indeed, our own battle-cruisers having become disengaged for twenty minutes to half an hour, so that the fire of the whole German Fleet was concentrated on us. However, we stuck it, and gave back a good deal, I fancy. Especially unpleasant, though, was a period of half an hour during which we were unable to see the enemy,

while they could see us most clearly. Thus we were unable to fire a shot and had to rest content with steaming through a tornado of shell fire without loosing off a gun, which was somewhat trying. However, about 6.30, the sun silhouetted up the Germans and completely turned the tables as far as light was concerned, and for a period of some twenty minutes we gave them a most terrific dressing down, which we trust they will remember. Then down came the mist again, and we had to close them right down to four miles in the attempt to see the enemy. . . . It was at this stage that, owing to some temporary defect, the *Warspite's* helm jammed and she went straight at the enemy into a hell of fire. She looked a most wonderful sight, every gun firing for all it was worth in reply. Luckily she got under control quickly and returned to the line, and it was this incident that gave rise to the German legend that she had been sunk." Her helm being jammed she was of course describing a circle, and the German shells were raising a screen of waterspouts round her, under cover of which she disappeared and returned to her own line. Also, as G says, "the mist made the whole thing so chancy. One minute the German line would be as clear as the silhouettes on a turret, and the next you could see nothing but the leading ship: and so, for hours, we dodged one another like that."

During this stage, from 4.57 to 5.56 P.M., the enemy was gradually heading to the eastward, the head of his line bending under the severe punishment it was receiving; and Admiral Beatty, keeping the range at 14,000 yards, was beginning to race to get round him on the north. One German battle-cruiser left the line, and other ships showed signs of increasing injury. The destroyers *Onslow* and *Moresby* also harried them with a torpedo attack. *Moresby* was observed to hit a big ship, which afterwards disappeared in a cloud of smoke and steam. Shortly before 6.0 Admiral Beatty reached his furthest point north. At 5.50 British cruisers were reported on his port bow, and at 5.56

he sighted the leading battleships of the Battle Fleet at a distance of five miles to the north. Instantly he altered course to due east, and ran at utmost speed and at a range of only 12,000 yards right round the bend of the enemy's line, reporting to Sir John Jellicoe as he did so, that the enemy were to the S.E. Their line was now led by three battle-cruisers only; these were closely followed by battleships of the Koenig class and were evidently in difficulties, heading straight towards that which they had hoped never to meet, the 1st, 2nd and 4th British Battle Squadrons. They had dugged a pit, and fallen into the midst of it themselves. The rest of their time must be spent in a desperate attempt to get out again.

4. JELlicoe, HOOD AND ARBUTHNOT

For our men, whether in battle-cruisers or battleships, the moment of Sir John Jellicoe's arrival was one of intense excitement. The two squadrons who were already engaged knew that they had accomplished their object; the others saw their work before them. H, who was in one of the leading battleships and claims to have been the first to sight the battle-cruisers, has written a very lively narrative. "I was up in the foretop, and saw the whole show. . . . I was seventeen hours up there, simply bristling with glasses, revolvers, respirators, ear-protectors, and what-nots. I cannot imagine anything more intensely dramatic than our final junction with the battle-cruisers. They appeared on the starboard bow, going a tremendous speed and firing like blazes at an enemy we could not see. Even before we opened fire, the colossal noise was nearly deafening. . . . We commenced by strafing one of the 'Kaisers,' that was only just visible on the horizon, going hell for leather. The whole High Sea Fleet were firing like blazes.

"It is the most extraordinary sensation I know to be sitting up there in the foretop gazing at a comparatively unruffled bit of sea, when suddenly about five immense

columns of water about 100 feet high shoot up as if from nowhere, and bits of shell go rattling down into the water, or else with a noise like an express train the projectiles go screeching overhead and fall about a mile the other side of you. You watch the enemy firing six great flashes about as many miles away, and then, for fifteen seconds or so, you reflect that there is about two tons of sudden death hurtling towards you. Then, with a sigh of relief, the splashes rise up, all six of them, away on the starboard bow.

“On the other hand, there is a most savage exultation in firing at another ship. You hear the order ‘Fire!’ The foretop gets up and hits you in the face, an enormous yellow cloud of cordite smoke—the charge weighs 2000 lb.—rises up and blows away just as the gentleman with the stop-watch says ‘Time!’ and then you see the splashes go up, perhaps between you and the enemy, perhaps behind the enemy; or, if you are lucky, a great flash breaks out on the enemy and when the smoke has rolled away you have just time to see that she is well and truly blazing before the next salvo goes off. I had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the *Lützow* get a salvo which must have caused her furiously to sink.” (The *Lützow*, as we know, was abandoned and sunk by her own people.)

We may perhaps conjecture that H was in the *Marlborough*; for it was that ship which is stated in the despatch to have sighted the battle-cruisers at 6.0. Sir John Jellicoe had heard their guns at 5.45 and had seen flashes in the mist at 5.55. For him the moment was more than exciting; it was the chance of his life, and everything depended on his coolness and decision. It is no simple matter to bring three squadrons into an action already in progress, in misty weather, and in face of an enemy already in line of battle. Very great care was necessary even to ensure that our own ships were not mistaken for enemy vessels.

Sir David Beatty probably realised this; in any case, he was going eastward at his utmost speed in order to

clear the Commander-in-Chief's front. He thus parted company with the most powerful part of his force, for Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas, commanding the 5th Battle Squadron, received the Commander-in-Chief's orders not to follow the battle-cruisers, but to take station as rear squadron of the Battle Fleet. But Sir David was not to be without support; the 3rd Battle Cruiser Squadron, under Admiral Hood, was now approaching from the N.E. and had already received orders to reinforce him. Admiral Beatty reports that he signalled to these three ships—*Invincible*, *Inflexible*, and *Indomitable*—to take stations ahead of him, and that they carried out the manœuvre magnificently.

It was at this moment that Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot's squadron of armoured cruisers—*Defence*, *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and another, which had come from the north with Sir John Jellicoe, were seen passing down between the British and German Battle Fleets. They had been engaging the enemy's light cruisers, and Sir John believes that Admiral Arbuthnot, "in his desire to complete their destruction, was not aware of the approach of the enemy's heavy ships, owing to the mist." In the story of the battle, full as it is of heroic episodes, there is nothing more extraordinary than the fate of this gallant squadron. There are at least two mysterious points about it, and these will probably never be cleared up; but an admirable description has been written by J, an officer in the *Warrior*.

"At 5.55 P.M. the following order came down from the fire control to the forward turret: 'Enemy cruiser, three funnels, bearing green 90. Range 15,850 yards: deflection 10 left; salvoes control.' Twenty seconds later the gong rang, and a fraction of a second had not elapsed before a double gong sounded for range finding. The first two shells having given us the range, the starboard gun of the fore turret thundered out, the shell crumpling up the hindermost of the three funnels of the enemy. A

direct hit was then made, when suddenly two more light cruisers were signalled to port, and the *Defence* and the other ship were left to deal with them. . . . All at once a huge fountain of water rose 20 yards ahead of us, and we then knew that we had to deal with something bigger than a light cruiser. Two shells of at least 12-in. calibre fell ahead of the *Defence*, and three seconds later a salvo cut her amidships, and she crumbled up and sank."

K is another witness, from the *Phaeton*, and he adds : " We saw the gallant old *Defence* go under, and I shall never forget the heroism of her crew. A German salvo crippled her aft, and being so heavily hit she ought to have hauled out of the firing line, but with splendid courage she went on firing her for'ard guns until another salvo hit her, about a hundred yards away from us. The explosion was deafening, and when it had ceased the brave old *Defence* had completely disappeared." With her went Sir Robert Arbuthnot, a man of great spirit and unbounded energy, eager and fearless in the highest degree.

J next relates that the *Black Prince* was hit by two great shells which carried away her funnels and fore turret. A second salvo, he says, hit and destroyed her. Sir John Jellicoe, on the other hand, reports that " it is not known when *Black Prince* was sunk, but a wireless signal was received from her between 8 and 9 P.M."—i.e. more than two hours later. This is a discrepancy which must for the present—perhaps for ever—be left unaccounted for. J. continues his account with the story of the *Warrior's* fate : " Our turn had come, for far away on the horizon we could see three tripod masts. By now the enemy cruisers were burning fiercely and had ceased to fire, but one after another 12-inch shells dropped on either beam of us. At last the enemy, out of our range by 3 miles, found their mark. The first shell smashed our motor-boat hoist into splinters. The second shell hit the starboard side in line with the turrets. The third hit the quarter-deck just abaft the bulkhead door, ploughing

downwards and wrecking the dynamos and putting the whole ship in darkness. The gun turrets, too, were almost useless, as the ammunition hoist had gone. Another shot put the port and starboard engine-rooms out of action, killing twenty men. After five minutes, the vessel was on fire, and a number of men were out of action from the effects of asphyxiating gas shells, which the enemy were now using."

Then came the rescue, one of the most dramatic incidents of the battle. "At 6.30 we were a hopelessly battered hulk, and waiting for the shells that would finish us, when the *Warspite* passed between us and engaged the foremost enemy battle-cruiser with deadly effect. The first shot from the *Warspite* lopped off the foremast of the leading enemy battle-cruiser; the next overturned both fore gun-turrets, and in five minutes the enemy vessel was absolutely ablaze from end to end, enveloped in a cloud of dense smoke. The second battle-cruiser, which had been concentrating her fire on the *Warspite*, turned to starboard, smoke belching from her funnels, and she endeavoured to pick up her main squadron. But it was not to be; two shells from the *Warspite* blew every funnel she had got to pieces. A third shot made a great rent in her stern. A fourth ploughed up her deck and burst against the foremast, bringing it down. Two minutes later this vessel also was on fire, heeling over, with the *Warspite* still pounding her and ripping great gashes in her starboard side and bottom. The last we saw of her was nothing more than a broken hulk." ¹ Now the *Warrior* could go home happy. "Slowly the *Engadine*, which was a hydroplane parent-ship, towed us towards port, passing a ship which had all the survivors of the *Queen Mary*, *Invincible*, *Ardent* and *Fortune* on board. For ten hours we were towed, and it was not until 5 o'clock next morning, when our quarter-

¹ She would seem to have been the *Seydlitz*, which went ashore, and was eventually towed into Wilhelmshaven with her stern shot away and other serious injuries.

decks were awash, that we had to abandon the old *Warrior*."

It was (we have already noted) while the Battle Fleet was deploying and Sir Robert Arbuthnot was fighting his last fight that Rear-Admiral Hood, as Sir David Beatty's glowing description tells us, was "bringing his squadron into action ahead in a most inspiring manner, worthy of his great naval ancestors." Even in peace time it is a most thrilling sight to see great cruisers come swinging in to take their place in a line already formed. Their tremendous rush, their rapid changes of relative position, and the incredible precision of their movements, combine to awe the spectator—he feels as though he were close among the planets, masses of enormous bulk moving at irresistible speed, but in obedience to unerring law. Those who saw Hood were moved with the same admiration as that which Nelson felt for his friend when he exclaimed: "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action." Even the *Royal Sovereign* at Trafalgar had no such hurricane of death to face as the three Invincibles. Their dash into the mist took them within 8,000 yards of the enemy's leading ship, now known to be the gigantic *Derfflinger*. At 6.25, Sir David Beatty reports, "They were pouring a hot fire into her and caused her to turn to the westward of south." But before she limped away she had finished her duel with the *Invincible*. There are but few and confused accounts of Hood's end. "Then the *Invincible*," says G: "She was further off. A great belch of smoke and then it was all over. I heard very little. But then you must remember we were loosing off at the Huns all the time, and they were loosing off at us; and the din was pretty fair. I guess that there was a salvo of eight heavy guns every five seconds—probably more. It was the most hellish din you can possibly imagine."

Sir David Beatty at this moment dashed in with his own battle-cruisers to the support of the *Inflexible* and *Indomitable*, changing course to E.S.E. The mist then

closed down and for twenty minutes he was out of action. But the *Derfflinger* did not escape punishment. She was ordered later to close the enemy, in hopes of diverting attention from the flying battleships; but after half an hour's fighting with the *Lion* she had only two heavy guns left and limped home a wreck. The only battle-cruiser left with her was the *Von der Tann*.

5. THE GRAND FLEET IN ACTION

We have seen how Sir John Jellicoe with the main Battle Fleet arrived exactly at the crisis of the action, and how a number of movements of the greatest importance were all taking place within a few minutes. It was at 6.14 that the Grand Fleet deployed; at 6.16 the *Defence* was sunk; at 6.17 the 1st Battle Squadron opened fire; at 6.21 Hood's squadron came into action ahead of the *Lion*; at 6.25 the *Invincible* sank; at 6.30 the 2nd and 4th Battle Squadrons opened fire.

The scene was too vast to be within the range of any one man's vision, and too crowded to be taken in in detail. But one impression remains with all—no one who saw it can ever forget the advance of the British Line of Battle. "The grandest sight I have ever seen," says L, "was the sight of our Battle Line—miles of it, fading into mist—taking up their positions like clockwork and then belching forth great sheets of fire and clouds of smoke. The din was stupendous. Unhappily, just when a few hours of good light would have given us the fruits of victory, the light got worse and worse. . . . But there is no doubt we gave the enemy a terrific hammering, and when they saw what was in store they lost no time in clearing off." M says the same thing even more vivaciously: "The grandest sight of all was seeing our Grand Fleet turning into a great line and opening fire. Nothing could have been more magnificent and awe-inspiring; at any rate the enemy must have thought the latter, as they cleared out and ran like the devil about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes

later. We chased them, but light was failing, and it was misty, and then came the night."

By comparing Sir John Jellicoe's account of the Battle Fleet action with the plan appended to it on publication, it is possible to make out some details of the deployment. Neither the 4th Battle Squadron, which included the *Iron Duke*, Sir John's flagship, nor the 2nd Battle Squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Jerram, came into action until thirteen minutes after the 1st Battle Squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir Cecil Burney, if indeed they can be said to have come into close action at all. The *Iron Duke* is shown as closely following the battle-cruisers at the head of the line, and is reported by Sir John to have engaged German battle-cruisers as well as battleships. From these facts, and from the position of the German Fleet, which is shown as just reaching its farthest northerly point and rapidly bending eastwards and southwards, it is clear that the British Fleet was deployed in an easterly direction with the result that when fire was opened at 6.17 it was our rearmost squadron—Sir Cecil Burney's—which was crossing the German front, while the other two battle squadrons were already further east and were turning south in succession to follow Beatty. The Germans, of course, could not face this tremendous array—they could not keep on their northerly course, nor even on an easterly one. They continued to bend to starboard until their track made a complete loop and then straightened out towards the S.W. Beatty, with his battle-cruisers, was on their port side during this loop turn, and Jellicoe came in behind Beatty, his two battle squadrons opening fire at 6.30.

This was great luck for Burney. The enemy's battle-cruisers and light cruisers forming the head of the rather dishevelled line, had turned away from him, but he came into action with their battleships, at a range of 11,000 yards and "administered severe punishment." Sir John's despatch notes that the fire of the flagship *Marlborough*

(Captain George P. Ross) was particularly rapid and effective. She began "by firing seven salvos at a ship of the Kaiser class, then engaged a cruiser and again a battleship; and at 6.54 she was hit by a torpedo and took up a considerable list to starboard, but reopened at 7.3 at a cruiser and at 7.12 fired 14 rapid salvos at a ship of the Koenig class, hitting her frequently till she turned out of the line." The account given by N, a member of the *Marlborough's* crew, agrees with the despatch as to these details, though it takes, as is generally the case with high-spirited combatants, a sanguine view of the enemy's losses. "We first sighted seven cruisers disappearing, and some of them in a damaged condition. We opened fire at a battleship of the Kaiser class, and flames immediately broke out on the vessel, and a cloud of smoke arose. A cruiser in flames then hid our quarry from view. The German vessels were making off as fast as they could into the mist and taking advantage of the clouds of smoke scattered over the sea. . . . We singled out another battleship of the Kaiser class, and fired salvos into her. She turned and disappeared, with smoke and fire proceeding from her. While we were following up we were struck by a torpedo. We were not disabled, however, and obtained revenge by ripping open the side of a cruiser with a few broadsides. Another battleship of the Kaiser class was our next mark, but she refused to fight and hurried away with smoke coming from her. The torpedo-boats then got to work and we put two of them out of action. We were in action three hours, and while shells were flying all about us we were only hit by one, which knocked a little paint off our ship. The aiming of the Germans at our ships was decidedly bad. The torpedo killed two men, and they were the only casualties we suffered. The crew, who behaved splendidly, enjoyed the fight. Some of the gun crews were stripped to the waist, while in our stokehold the men worked up to the middle in water."

Except the *Marlborough*, which made such a good

recovery from the torpedo, the *Colossus* was the only ship damaged in this squadron, which never really got the chance it ardently desired. O says that when the mist lifted the *Colossus* engaged a large battle-cruiser. "The first salvo fell short. She then got in a hit on us with a 12-in shell. After that we got in two more salvos, each one hitting and setting her on fire fore and aft. She began to settle down by the stern and disappeared in a sinking condition."

The 4th Battle Squadron—in which were Sir John Jellicoe's Flagship the *Iron Duke* and Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee's Flagship the *Benbow*—engaged the squadron of Koenigs and Kaisers, as well as any disabled cruisers, light cruisers and battle-cruisers which remained within their range. The *Iron Duke* with her second salvo began hitting a Koenig at 12,000 yards and only ceased when the target ships moved away. The 2nd Battle Squadron also fired between 6.30 and 7.20 P.M. at Koenigs and Kaisers, and also at a disabled battle-cruiser. They made good shooting, considering the conditions, the most regrettable of which was the persistent refusal of the Germans to make a fight of it. Again and again the enemy's course was altered, until the High Sea Fleet was making a clean bolt of it to the south-west, their destroyers throwing out a screen of smoke behind them.

It goes without saying that our cruisers and battle-cruisers were hanging on to them like hounds, doing everything possible to hold them. Sir David now had the 3rd Battle-cruiser Squadron formed astern of him instead of ahead. Sir John Jellicoe kept him informed of the course of the Fleet : at 7.6 it was south ; between 7.0 and 7.12 Sir David Beatty was turning round gradually to S.W. by S. in order to regain touch with the enemy, and at 7.14 he sighted them afresh at a range of about 15,000 yards. The ships sighted were two battle-cruisers and two battleships of the Koenig class. The sun went down, visibility improved, and Beatty re-engaged at 7.17, increasing his

speed to 22 knots. At 7.32 his course was S.W. and speed 18 knots ; he had caught up his quarry, for the leading enemy battleship was now N.W. by W. of him. After a very short time the enemy once more showed signs of punishment, one ship being on fire and another dropping astern. The enemy destroyers then again came to the rescue, covering their capital ships as if with a pall of smoke, and at 7.45 they succeeded in disappearing.

The work of the light cruisers, too, was wonderful. The Fourth Light Cruiser Squadron attacked the enemy destroyers at 7.20 and 8.18, sinking four of them, and then they attacked the battleships, getting home on a Kaiser at 8.40. The First and Third Light Cruiser Squadrons at 7.58 swept to the westward in advance of Sir David Beatty ; on their report, he altered course to west at 8.20 and found two enemy battle-cruisers and battleships, whom he engaged at 10,000 yards. The leading ship was repeatedly hit by *Lion*, and turned away 8 points, emitting very high flames and with a heavy list to port. *Princess Royal* set fire to a three-funnelled battleship. *New Zealand* and *Indomitable* sent the third ship out of the line, heeling over and on fire. The mist then came down and at 8.38 the enemy vanished once more, steaming hard to the west.

It is not to be wondered at that they ran. Not only were they inferior in numbers and gun-power, and very severely damaged, but their gunnery had gone completely to pieces. They had, after their first successes, done badly against Beatty and Evan-Thomas, but against Jellicoe, Jerram and Burney, when they had a fresh opportunity, their nerve failed. In the three squadrons of the Grand Fleet only one ship was once damaged by gunfire, and one by torpedo : the total casualties amounted to three men. We must remember that the Germans were out, not for a decision, but for a runaway fight.

Our men were in a very different mood. All the evidence shows that they were intent only upon winning. They took their casualties without flinching and steadily

improved their shooting ; they were unshaken when they saw great ships in their own line destroyed ; they cared nothing for themselves, if only the right side won. " There was one sight," says B, " which I shall never forget. It was the pluckiest thing I have ever seen. When the *Invincible* went down four of the chaps managed to collar hold of a raft. As we steamed into action we saw these men on the raft, and at first thought they must be Huns. But as we passed by—for of course we could not stop for anything—the four got up on their feet and cheered us like blazes. It was the finest thing I have ever seen."

6. THE BATTLE IN THE DARK

Night was now falling ; but all was not yet over. The British Fleet, being to the east and south of the enemy, were between him and his base, and had every hope of sighting him again next morning in a position which would give him no chance of final escape. The safety of our own battleships and battle-cruisers must be entrusted to the light cruisers and destroyers during the hours of darkness. They fulfilled their task perfectly. During an attack by the 11th Flotilla, *Castor* engaged and sank an enemy destroyer at point blank range. The 1st and 3rd Light Cruiser Squadrons " very effectively protected the head of our line from torpedo attack," and continued spread in front of the battle-cruisers until 9.24 p.m., when Sir David Beatty " turned to the course of the Fleet." The 13th Flotilla took station astern of the Battle Fleet for the night. Half an hour after midnight they had a brush with a large vessel which played a searchlight on them and disabled *Turbulent* with a heavy fire. At 3.30 a.m. another destroyer, *Champion*, was engaged for a few minutes with four enemy destroyers. At 2.35 a.m. *Moresby* sighted four ships of the Deutschland class and hit one with a torpedo. The 2nd Light Cruiser Squadron was at the rear of our battle line during the night, and at 9.0 p.m. assisted in repelling a destroyer attack on the 5th Battle Squadron.

They were also heavily engaged at 10.20 P.M. with five enemy cruisers; the fighting lasted fifteen minutes and *Southampton* and *Dublin* both suffered and inflicted severe casualties. *Birmingham* sighted at 11.30 P.M. two heavy ships going south. The German High Sea Fleet was evidently crumpled up, and making its way home in groups. They did not go scot free. At 8.40 P.M., only two minutes after their disappearance westward, all our battle-cruisers felt a heavy shock, as if they had been struck by a mine or torpedo, or possibly sunken wreckage. An examination of the hulls afterwards showed that nothing of the kind had occurred to any of them, and Sir David Beatty assumes, no doubt rightly, that the shock came from the blowing up of a great vessel.

Nor was this the only disaster the night brought to the enemy. "We continued," says P, "to chase the Huns throughout the night, and saw a good deal of firing going on, which was probably when the destroyers sank a battleship. . . . I didn't get any sleep on Wednesday night as we were, of course, closed up at the guns all the time." "Oh! that night!" says M. "We couldn't tell what was happening: every now and then out of the darkness would come bang! bang! boom! as hard as it could go for ten minutes on end. The flash of the guns lights up the whole sky for miles and the noise is much more penetrating than by day. Then you would see a great burst of flame from some poor devil, and then a searchlight switched on and off again, and then perfect silence once more." "All night long," says Q, "our cruisers fought them, and it was a wonderful sight. Every other second there were vivid flashes lighting up the sky like lightning, and there was a continuous roar of big guns. Once a ship caught on fire, and it lit up the whole place like day for five minutes. The flames must have been nearly 300 feet high." This was as seen from the *Colossus*: apparently the *Vanguard* was nearer and had a better view of the same spectacle. "At 10.40 P.M.," says R, "when at night action stations (I was

at my searchlights, of course), a destroyer was discovered attempting a night attack on us. Switching on searchlights, we opened a terrific fire on her with lyddite. Up went a great crimson glow from her, lighting up the sky as each projectile hit her. Finally, after about one minute she blew up, and I was treated to the most gloriously ghastly sight it has ever been my lot to see."

It is difficult to imagine anything more trying to the nerves than such a night after such a day. "The night was an anxious time," L says. "There were only a few hours of actual darkness, but it was as black as your hat, and our hopes of cutting off the Germans were doomed to disappointment. As it was, the way they got off in the night was the cleverest thing they did. . . . It was light very early on Thursday, but nothing more was seen of the Germans. There were many signs, however, of the previous day's work."

When it was light enough for the Battle Fleet to move, Sir John Jellicoe, being then to the south and west of the Horn Reef, proceeded to traverse the field of battle to collect his cruisers and destroyers and to locate the enemy. Sir Cecil Burney had already, at 2.30 A.M., shifted his flag into the *Revenge*, and the *Marlborough* now went home to get her torpedo sting taken out. On the way she successfully defeated a submarine attack. *Warspite* also went home under her own steam : in fact S says that "When she returned to dock her escort had to travel at full speed to keep up with her even in her damaged condition."

At 9.0 A.M. the destroyers rejoined after their brilliant night's work. The British Fleet remained in the proximity of the battlefield and near the line of approach to German ports until 11.0 A.M. on June 1. The enemy, however, made no sign. A Zeppelin was seen and engaged for about five minutes, "during which time," says Sir John Jellicoe, "she had ample opportunity to note and subsequently report the position and course of the British Fleet." But what remained of the High Sea Fleet was

thankfully going into dock ; it had no intention of bidding seriously for the command of the sea.

7. LOSSES AND GAINS

The Germans were in all respects heavy losers in the Battle of Jutland. They did not attempt to gain the command of the sea, or to raise our blockade ; but the Kaiser did attempt to deceive his people into the belief that these were his objects and that they had been achieved. Probably that belief is not now very widespread in Germany. The real attempt of the High Sea Fleet was to weaken our relative naval strength by inflicting disproportionate losses upon us. In this too they failed disastrously. Having achieved neither their pretended nor their real object, they are now in a much worse position than before the action. The situation has been well summed up by the distinguished Japanese Admiral Akiyama, who prepared the plans for the decisive battle of Tsushima :—

“ Even when I saw the first announcement of the battle, I was convinced that it meant only one thing—a British victory ; but on studying Admiral Jellicoe’s despatch I find that the Battle of Jutland was the most brilliant victory and the greatest success ever achieved by the British Fleet, though it must be said that the Germans fought very well and put forward their utmost effort. The reasons for my view are :—

“ (1) The superior force of the British Fleet was very well concentrated on the battlefield from its distant bases. This is a most difficult operation in naval warfare, and constituted Admiral Jellicoe’s first strategic gain in the battle.

“ (2) Neither on the battlefield as a whole, nor in any part of it, was there any strategical or tactical mistake committed by the British Commander-in-Chief or any of his subordinate commanders.

“ (3) The British Fleet remained master of the battlefield and has maintained the effective control of the sea.

“ (4) The German losses are much heavier than the

British. It is a common thing in discussing a battle to see which side had the heavier loss ; but this loss is not the principal element of the result of war, and the victor may often lose more than the vanquished. Anyhow I am sure that the German losses are much greater than those reported by Admiral Jellicoe.

“ I firmly believe that the German Fleet cannot again take the sea, for their loss in battle-cruisers and light cruisers is so great that it is impossible for them to employ their Dreadnoughts and other capital ships that need the support of smaller vessels of great speed.”

This is the opinion of an expert. It is not of course a final verdict, for the material for criticism of tactics is not yet complete, but as to the losses the figures amply bear out Admiral Akiyama's statement. The loss inflicted on the British Fleet was a loss of fourteen ships—three battle-cruisers, three armoured cruisers, and eight destroyers. The total tonnage of these was 113,300, and the number of officers and men was 5670, of whom the *Warrior's* (704) and other crews gave back a large number, leaving a final loss of not more than 5000. This total of loss, though regrettable, was in itself but a small diminution of the fighting power of our Fleet ; to achieve it, the Germans had to sacrifice a part of their force relatively very much larger. Their ascertained loss amounted to eleven ships sunk—one battleship of the smaller *Deutschland* class ; one battle-cruiser, the *Lützow*, four other cruisers, five destroyers, and one submarine. The total tonnage of these was about 62,000, and the number of officers and men about 5600, of whom some were no doubt saved—a German statement has admitted a loss of 4600.

This comparison is far from representing the result on the relative strength of the two navies. Of the ships engaged but not sunk, none on our side suffered any severe injury, except the *Marlborough* and the *Lion*, though repairs would be necessary to the other battle-cruisers, to some of the ships of the 5th Battle Squadron, and to three of the

light cruisers. The main Battle Fleet suffered a loss of only three men in all, and was reported ready again for action at 9.30 P.M. on June 2nd. The state of the German High Sea Fleet was "very otherwise." Before it left us, it was a badly beaten fleet. Battleships and battle-cruisers were repeatedly seen on fire, or limping away disabled and with their guns silenced. Information of the most circumstantial kind reached us afterwards that the ships docked for repair included five large battleships, *König*, *Kaiser*, *Kaiserin*, *Markgraf* and *Grosser Kurfürst*; two smaller battleships, *Rheinland* and *Hessen*; four battle-cruisers, *Seydlitz*, *Moltke*, *Von der Tann* and *Derfflinger*; and four light cruisers, *Regensburg*, *Stettin*, *Köln* and *Frankfurt*. Of these, the four battle-cruisers all had their superstructures destroyed, with most of their big guns, and *Seydlitz* was practically a wreck, having had her stern shot to pieces. For a fresh battle during the month of June, Sir John Jellicoe could have brought into action a fleet the exact equivalent of his original fleet, minus only four battle-cruisers. The Kaiser could have sent out fifteen battleships instead of twenty-two, no battle-cruisers, two armoured cruisers and perhaps, if he stripped the Baltic, ten light cruisers—a force which could with absolute certainty be destroyed by two squadrons of our Battle Fleet and their light cruisers. The German Navy, which on May 30 ranked second among the navies of the world, on May 31 sank to the fifth place, leaving ours in a greater superiority than before. They would mend their ships, no doubt; but by that time our fleet would have increased, and theirs could not.

A deadlier loss still is the doubt cast upon the efficiency of their gunnery. Its failure as described by our officers seems to have been due to the worst of all causes, a defect not of material but of personnel. Sir John Jellicoe reports that, in our fleet "the control and drill remained undisturbed throughout, in many cases despite heavy damage to material and personnel. Our superiority over the

enemy in this respect was very marked, their efficiency becoming rapidly reduced under punishment, while ours was maintained throughout." His statement is confirmed by an overwhelming mass of evidence. I have already quoted B's exactly similar view. D adds: "The moment we started in on them, their shooting became extremely wild and inaccurate. . . . This proves to me that the Huns have no real stomach for sea-fighting, for our shooting improved and was wonderfully good." P says: "The men were simply splendid. Everything went just as if we had been at battle practice." E writes: "One thing was proved in that fight—the absolute superiority of British gunnery over the Germans. Gun for gun we were absolutely superior, and I only wish they had stuck it for another hour." S says: "I really don't know how we got through without being hit—they can't shoot when they are up against us . . . their crews were panic-stricken. . . . We shook the German Fleet to its heart; they will never be the same fleet again."

The figures, too, bear out these opinions. Even the Germans' earliest shooting was not as good as the sinking of our big ships seemed to indicate. Their first concentration was a complete failure. "Every gun of the German Squadron," says E, "was first turned on the *Lion*, but hardly a shell hit her . . . the majority fell short, sending up terrific volumes of water." *Warspite* had the same good fortune during her escapade. T writes sanguinely that "the gunnery of the *Warrior's* gunners was splendid and almost every shell sent from the mouths of the twelve guns found its billet"; while, on the other hand, "quite four salvoes of shrapnel as well as asphyxiating bombs passed over the *Warrior* before she was vitally hit." The *Iron Duke*, Sir John tells us, began hitting with her second salvo; the *Colossus* hit her first ship with her third salvo, and got on to her second and third ships without a miss. But the conditions of the two fleets tells the whole tale. As G says: "The Huns couldn't keep their gunners

up to scratch in an action. If so, cheer-oh ! when we meet them again."

The same officer sums up well, with a fine ring of tradition in one of his phrases. "Beatty did the job beautifully. . . . When the Grand Fleet did come up, looming out of the thick weather in the north, a great sickness fell upon the Huns . . . they all with one accord began to make tracks for home. Our big ships fired several salvoes with good effect ; but funk and the mist between them saved the Huns from sure destruction. Well, it wasn't really funk, you know ; it was quite their line of strategy. Only compared with the Beatty touch, the Hun looks a bit poor. They can't help it ; there it is."

There it is—the Beatty Touch.

VI

ZEEBRUGGE AND OSTEND

WE have long been regretting that the work and the fame of our Submarine Service are for the most part hushed to a kind of undertone. We cannot speak of them as we wish, lest the enemy should overhear and profit by information which he is unable to get for himself. But there are victories that cannot be concealed—blows which must and will reverberate, now and for ages to come. The work of the Navy at Ostend and Zeebrugge may openly be spoken of as it deserves. And this is fortunate ; for nations, like men, “ live by admiration, hope and love,” and admiration is not the least powerful of the three elements. The double attack of St. George’s Day achieved not only a diminution of the enemy’s strength, but an increase of our own. All over the world we heard it hailed as a great feat of arms, and a proof of mastery ; even our own hearts were stronger for being so vividly reminded that our seamen are what they have always been—the greatest fighting men alive.

The very conception of this attack was in itself conclusive evidence of a high heroic spirit. The enterprise was not a wild-cat scheme, it was both possible and useful, but it was one from which no man or officer could expect to return. It was planned in November 1917, a month in which the long and splendid work of our anti-submarine division was rapidly advancing to success. The imagination of the Service rose with the rising tide, and it was determined that the pirates should be not only hunted

down at sea, but harried and blocked in their principal submarine sally-ports.

These ports had, during the past two years, become more and more important to the U-boat campaign, and had therefore been more and more strongly guarded and fortified against attack. The section of coast upon which they lie had a system of defensive batteries, which included no less than 120 heavy guns, some of them of 15-inch calibre. A battery of these was upon the Mole at Zeebrugge—a solid stone breakwater more than a mile long, which contained also a railway terminus, a seaplane station, huge sheds for personnel and material, and, at the extreme seaward end, a lighthouse with searchlight and range-finder. An attacking force must reckon with a large number of defenders upon the Mole alone, besides the batteries and reinforcements on shore, and the destroyers and other ships in the harbour. But the attack on the Mole was an indispensable part of the enterprise ; for the enemy's attention must be diverted from the block-ships, which were to arrive during the fight and sink themselves in the mouth of the canal. And in order to deal satisfactorily with the Mole, it must be cut off from the reinforcements on shore by the destruction of the railway viaduct which formed the landward end of it.

That was not all. The main difficulty of the plan was the management of the approach and return of the expedition. The conditions were extremely severe. First, the attacking force must effect a complete surprise and reach the Mole before the guns of the defence could be brought to bear upon them. The enemy searchlights must therefore be put out of action, as far as possible, by an artificial fog or smoke-screen ; but again, this must not be dense enough to obscure the approach entirely. Secondly, the work must be done in very short time, and to the minute ; for though the attack might be a surprise, the return voyage must be made under fire. The shore batteries were known to have a destructive range of sixteen miles ; to clear out of the

danger zone would take the flotilla two hours, and daylight would begin by 3.30 A.M. It was, therefore, necessary to leave the Mole by 1.30 ; and as, for similar reasons, it was impossible to arrive before midnight, an hour and a half was all that the time-table could allow for fighting, blocking, and getting away again. To do things as exactly as this, a night must be chosen when wind, weather, and tide would all be favourable. We need not be surprised at hearing that the expedition had twice before started and been compelled to return without reaching its objective—once it was actually within fifteen miles of the Mole—but fortunately the Germans, having no efficient patrol at sea, got no hint of what was being planned ; and in the end were so completely taken by surprise, that some of their guns when captured had not even had the covers removed from them !

The attack was to be conducted by Vice-Admiral Roger Keyes, commanding at Dover. The force employed was a large and composite one which required masterly handling. The Ostend expedition was a comparatively simple affair ; but for Zeebrugge there were needed, besides the principal ships, a fleet of smoke-boats for making fog, motor launches for showing flares and bringing off men in difficulties, monitors for bombarding the batteries, and destroyers for looking after the enemy ships lying in harbour, besides a submarine of which we shall hear more presently. The landing on the Mole was to be made from *Vindictive*, an old light cruiser of 5720 tons, and she was to be accompanied by two old Mersey ferry-boats, *Daffodil* and *Iris*, with storming and demolition parties. The three destroyers were *North Star* (Lieut.-Commander K. C. Helyar), *Phæbe* (Lieut.-Commander H. E. Gore-Langton), and *Warwick*, in which the Admiral himself was flying his flag for the occasion.

It need not be said, except for the pleasure of saying it, that the name of every officer present is worth remembering. Those who died, gave their lives to secure a victory

as effective and gallant as any recorded, even in our naval history. Those who returned are marked men, to whom their country will never look in vain for sound and brilliant service. It is an inspiring thought that while their action was unique, they themselves were not. The British Navy is full of such men, and we may jostle them in the corridors of the Admiralty every day in the year. Any one who happened to be near Room 24 on the morning of Monday, April 22, might have seen two officers come out who bore no sign of a destiny more heroic than the rest. Yet they were, in fact, Captain Alfred Carpenter, who had been selected to command *Vindictive*, and Wing-Commander Brock, who was to create the magic fog, and whose mysterious fate is one of the most heroic and moving episodes of the fight.

To Captain Carpenter we owe the best account yet given of the expedition. If we read the main portion of it, and supplement it with a few notes, we shall get as near to realising the achievement as any one without experience or expert knowledge can do. "At last," he says, "the opportunity we had waited for so long arose, and everybody started off in the highest spirits, and with no other thought than to make the very greatest success of the operation. Fate was very kind to us on the whole, and everything went well—almost as per schedule. The various phases depended on accurate timing of the work of the various units. The smoke-screen craft and the fast motor-boats, at given intervals, rushed on ahead at full speed, laid their smoke-screens, attacked enemy vessels with torpedoes, and generally cleared the way for the main force, in addition to hiding the approach of the latter from the shore batteries. Meanwhile a heavy bombardment was being carried out by our monitors, and the sound of their firing, as we approached, was one of the most heartening things that I can remember. On arriving at a certain point some considerable distance from shore, the forces parted, some going to Zeebrugge and some to Ostend, the idea being that the forces

should arrive at the two places simultaneously, so that communication from one place to the other could not be used as a warning in either case. Precisely at midnight (the scheduled time) the main force arrived at Zeebrugge and two of the block-ships arrived at Ostend. The Admiral's signal before going into action was "St. George for England!" and the reply from *Vindictive* was "May we give the Dragon's tail a damned good twist!"

"At midnight we steamed through a very thick smoke-screen. German star shells were lighting up the whole place almost like daylight, and one had an extraordinary naked feeling when one saw how exposed we were, although it was in the middle of the night. On emerging from the smoke-screen the end of the Mole, where the lighthouse is, was seen close ahead, distant about 400 yards. The ship was turned immediately to go alongside, and increased to full speed so as to get there as fast as possible. We had decided not to open fire from the ship until they opened fire on us, so that we might remain unobserved till the last possible moment. A battery of five or six guns on the Mole began firing at us almost immediately, from a range of about 300 yards, and every gun on the *Vindictive* that would bear fired at them as hard as it could. (Ours were 6-inch guns and 12-pounders.)

"In less than five minutes the ship was alongside the Mole, and efforts were made to grapple the Mole, so as to keep the ship in place. The *Iris* was ahead. The *Daffodil*, which was following close astern, came up and in the most gallant manner placed her bow against the *Vindictive* and pushed the *Vindictive* sideways, until she was close alongside the Mole. There was a very heavy swell against the Mole; the ships were rolling about, and this made the work of securing to the Mole exceedingly difficult."

Vindictive was specially fitted along the port side with a high false deck, from which ran eighteen brows or gangways, by which the storming parties were to land. The

men were standing ready, but before the word was given a shell killed Colonel Bertram Elliot of the Marines, and Captain Henry Halahan (who was commanding the blue-jackets) fell to machine-gun fire. But no losses could stop the stormers.

“ When the brows were run out from the *Vindictive*, the men at once climbed out along them. It was an extremely perilous task, in view of the fact that the ends of the brows at one moment were from eight to ten feet above the wall, and the next moment were crashing on the wall as the ship rolled. The way in which the men got over those brows was almost super-human. I expected every moment to see them falling off between the Mole and the ship—at least a 30-feet drop—and being crushed by the ship against the wall. But not a man fell—their agility was wonderful. It was not a case of seamen running barefoot along the deck of a rolling ship; the men were carrying heavy accoutrements, bombs, Lewis guns and other articles, and their path lay along a narrow and extremely unsteady plank. (Of these plank brows only two were uninjured by the enemy’s fire; the rest were riddled.) They never hesitated; they went along the brows, and on to the Mole with the utmost possible speed. Within a few minutes three to four hundred had been landed, and under cover of a barrage put down on the Mole by Stokes guns and howitzer fire from the ships, they fought their way along.

“ Comparatively few of the German guns were able to hit the hull of the ship, as it was behind the protection of the wall. Safety, in fact, depended on how near you could get to the enemy guns, instead of how far away. While the hull was guarded, the upper works of the ship—the funnels, masts, ventilators and bridge—were showing above the wall, and upon these a large number of German guns appeared to be concentrated. Many of our casualties were caused by splinters coming down from the upper works. (One shell burst in the Stokes battery, another

destroyed the flame-throwing house, and a third killed every man in the fighting top except one—Sergeant Finch, who was badly wounded, but kept his machine-gun going and won the V.C. for it.) If it had not been for the *Daffodil* continuing to push the ship in towards the wall throughout the operation, none of the men who went on the Mole would ever have got back again.”

But *Daffodil*'s men jumped across to *Vindictive*, and so joined the storming party. *Iris*, in the meantime, was trying to grapple the Mole ahead of *Vindictive*; but her grapnels were not large enough to span the parapet, and two most gallant officers—Lieut.-Commander Bradford and Lieut. Hawkins—who climbed up and sat astride the parapet trying to make them fast, were both shot and fell between the ship and the wall. Commander Valentine Gibbs had both legs shot away. He came out of action with his ship, but died next morning. His place on the bridge was taken by Lieutenant Spencer, R.N.R., who was already wounded, but refused to be relieved. Finally a single big shell came down through the upper deck and burst among some marines who were waiting their turn for the gangways. Out of 56 only 7 survived, and they were all wounded. Altogether *Iris* lost 8 officers and 69 men killed, and 3 officers and 102 men wounded. But the parapet was stormed all right, and the Germans under it put up no resistance except intense and unrelenting gunfire. Some of them took refuge in a destroyer, and were sent to the bottom with her by a successful bombing attack from the parapet.

After some fifteen minutes of this work the batteries on the Mole were silenced, the dugouts cleaned out, and the whole range of hangars and store sheds set blazing, or blown to ruins with dynamite. Then came the first great moment of triumph. “A quarter of an hour after the *Vindictive* took her position, a tremendous explosion was seen at the shore end of the Mole. We then knew that our

submarine (the old C. 3, who had certainly reached the age for retiring) had managed to get herself in between the piles of the (railway) viaduct connecting the Mole with the shore, and had blown herself up. She carried several tons of high explosive (the equivalent of over 40 good mines) and the effect of her action was effectually to cut off the Mole from the land. Before the explosion the crew of the submarine, which comprised some half-dozen officers and men (under command of Lieutenant R. D. Sandford, R.N.), got away in a very small motor skiff, which lost its propeller and had to be pulled with (a single pair of) paddles against a heavy tide and under machine-gun fire from a range which could be reckoned only in feet. Most of the crew were wounded, but the tiny boat was picked up by a steam pinnace (commanded by Lieut.-Commander Sandford, who rescued his brother and the other five salamanders when they had struggled only 200 yards away from the point of explosion). It is possible that the Germans who saw the submarine coming in under the play of their searchlights, thought that her object was to attack the vessels within the Mole, and that she thought it feasible to get through the viaduct to do this. Their neglect to stop the submarine as she approached could only be put down to the fact that they knew she could not get through owing to the large amount of interlacing between the piles, and that they really believed they were catching her! A large number of Germans were actually on the viaduct, a few feet above the submarine, and were firing at her with machine-guns. I think it can safely be said that every one of those Germans went up with the viaduct. The cheer raised by my men in the *Vindictive* when they saw the terrific explosion, was one of the finest things I ever heard. Many of the men were severely wounded—some had three and even four wounds—but they had no thought except for the success of the operation. (They cheered their captain as he went round the decks and kept asking, “Have we won?”—just as if it had been a football match.)

“About twenty-five minutes after the *Vindictive* got alongside (and ten minutes after the explosion of C. 3), the block-ships were seen rounding the lighthouse and heading for the canal entrance. It was then realised on board the *Iris*, *Daffodil* and *Vindictive* that their work had been accomplished. The block-ships came under very heavy fire immediately they rounded the end of the Mole. Most of the fire, it appears, was concentrated on the leading ship, the *Thetis* (Commander R. S. Sneyd). She ran aground off the entrance to the canal, on the edge of the channel, and was sunk, as approximately as possible, across the channel itself, thus forming an obstruction to the passage of the German vessels.” She was coming in in grand style, but had the bad luck to catch her propeller in the defence nets and became a target ; but she did fine work even then, signalling to her sister ships and enabling them to avoid the nets. And she may give quite as much trouble to the enemy yet as the other two, for she lies right in the channel, which must always be kept free from silt if even the outer harbour is to be used.

“This co-operation between the three block-ships, carried out under extremely heavy fire, was one of the finest things in the operation.

“The second and third ships, the *Intrepid* (Lieutenant Stuart Bonham-Carter) and *Iphigenia* (Lieutenant E. W. Billyard-Leake), both went straight through the canal entrance until they actually reached a point some two or three hundred yards inside the shore lines, and behind some of the German batteries. It really seems very wonderful. How the crews of the two ships ever got away is almost beyond imagination.” Lieutenant Bonham-Carter, after running *Intrepid* into the canal bank, ordered his crew away in the boats, and blew her up himself. He then escaped on a Carley float, a kind of patent buoy which lights a flare when it takes the water. Very fortunately, *Intrepid* was still smoking and the smoke partially hid both him and his flare. He was picked up by a motor

launch (Lieutenant Deane, R.N.V.R.) which had actually gone inshore to take off another officer who had swum to the bank, and brought away both together. *Iphigenia*, too, after ramming a dredger and carrying away a barge with her up the canal, was even more successfully placed across the channel and blown up with her engines still going, to ensure her sticking her nose fast in the mud. Her crew escaped, some in the motor launches and some in their own boats, rowing for miles out to sea before they were picked up by the destroyers.

“The situation, rather more than an hour after the *Vindictive* got alongside, was this: The block-ships had passed in, had come to the end of their run, and had done their work. The viaduct was blown up and the Mole had been stormed.” Even the lighthouse had been sacked, for Wing-Commander Brock had announced before starting that after seeing to the smoke-screen work, his first objective would be the range-finding apparatus which he knew was up in the lighthouse top. He carried out his intentions. He was seen going into the lighthouse, and coming out again laden with an armful of stuff; then charging a gun single-handed; and, last of all, lying desperately wounded under the parapet wall of the Mole. This was only reported afterwards, and his fate is unknown to this day. If he died, he died as he would have wished, for he was a big man with a big heart, and did his fighting gladly. “Nothing but a useless sacrifice of life could have followed if the three boarding vessels had remained by the Mole any longer. The signal to withdraw was therefore given, and the ships got away under cover of the smoke-screens as quickly as they could. The signal was given by siren, but the noise of the guns was so loud that it had to be repeated many times. Twenty minutes passed before it was definitely reported that there was nobody left on the Mole who could possibly get on board the withdrawing ships.

“All three ships got away from the wall; they went at

full speed and were followed all the way along their course by salvos from the German guns. Shells seemed to fall all round the ships without actually hitting them. The gunners apparently had our speed but not our range, and with remarkable regularity the salvos plopped into the sea behind us. In a short time the ships were clear of imminent danger, owing to the large amount of smoke which they had left behind them." Two of the three destroyers also got away safely; the third, *North Star*, was sunk by gunfire near the block-ships but her crew were brought off by *Phæbe*. Her loss was balanced by that of the German destroyer, sunk by bombs under the inner wall of the Mole. Of our motor-launches (under command of Captain R. Collins), many of which performed feats of incredible audacity at point-blank range, all returned but two.

"There is no doubt about the complete success of the enterprise. Photographs taken by our flying-men show that two of the block-ships are in the mouth of the Bruges Canal, well inside the shore line, and lying diagonally across the channel. The third is outside the canal mouth, blocking the greater part of the channel across the harbour. An officer assured me that the bottoms having been blown out of the ships, they are now simply great solid masses of concrete. Blasting, even if it could be attempted without risk to the surroundings (*e.g.* the walls of the canal and docks), would only divide one solid mass into several masses, just as obstructive as the whole. Moreover, owing to the shallowness of most of the harbour area, every tide will cause sand to silt up about the obstacles and make their removal difficult. The photographs reveal a clean break in the viaduct at the landward end of the Mole. They also show that the Germans have tried to bridge the gap by planking." But planking will hardly carry the railway; and as for the block-ships, they were still in position three months later, with dredging parties at work who only offered an excellent target to the bombs of our seaplanes.

During the attack at Zeebrugge the wind changed and

blew the smoke off shore. This helped us in the end by enabling the ships to cover their retirement with a thick screen of miscellaneous smoke ; but at Ostend it caused a partial failure of the blocking operations. Commodore Hubert Lynes, who commanded this little expedition, successfully laid his smoke-screen, and sent in his motor-boats behind it to light up the ends of the two wooden piers with flares, visible to our ships but not to the enemy. He then sent in two old cruisers, *Sirius* and *Brilliant*, which were to be sunk between the piers. But the moment the wind changed, the enemy, seeing the flares, at once extinguished them, sinking the motor-boats by gunfire, and the block-ships were no longer able to find the entrance. They ran aground about 2000 yards to the east of the piers and were there blown up. Their crews were taken off under heavy fire in motor-launches commanded by Lieutenant K. R. Hoare, R.N.V.R., and Lieutenant R. Bourke, R.N.V.R.

One object had been accomplished—the Ostend garrison had been thoroughly distracted from giving any warning or assistance to Zeebrugge ; but the block-ships had only made the harbour entrance dangerous—they had not closed it. There was no doubt on either side that the attempt would be renewed. Our men were all ready and eager for a fight to a finish ; the Germans were quick to take every precaution possible. They removed the Stroom Bank buoy, which marked the entrance to the harbour, cut the wooden piers through, to prevent landing parties from advancing along them, and tried to keep up a patrol of the coast with some nine destroyers. But, in spite of all, they were once more taken by surprise, and this time they lost the game at Ostend as they had lost it at Zeebrugge.

The new expedition sailed on May 9 under command, as before, of Commodore Hubert Lynes. Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes was also present himself, in the destroyer *Warwick*. The flotilla was this time on a larger scale, and the block-ship (which was entrusted to Commander Godsal,

late of the *Brilliant*) was none other than the *Vindictive* herself, and was to double her glory by a triumphant death.

The night was a perfect one, calm with light airs from the north, a few faint stars and no moon. The ships came on in silence ; for though the monitors were already anchored in their firing positions, and the heavy land batteries towards Nieuport were trained ready for the bombardment, not a shot was to be fired until the signal was given for every arm to attack at the same moment. The whole German front was shrouded in a delicate haze, like a genuine sea fog, but even more impenetrable to sight or searchlight. Under cover of this, Commodore Lynes first took his destroyer in and laid a burning light-buoy as a mark for the block-ship. *Vindictive* followed, and from this point bore up for another flare, lighted by Lieutenant William Slayter on the former position of the Stroom Bank buoy. Four minutes before she arrived there, and fifteen minutes before she was timed to reach the harbour mouth, the signal was given for a general engagement. Instantly the whole force got to work. Two motor-boats, under Lieutenant Albert Poland and Lieutenant Darrel Reid, R.N.R., dashed in and fired their torpedoes at the two wooden pier ends. The western pier had a machine-gun mounted, and that too went up in the explosion. Then the seaplanes began to bomb the town and the monitors were heard thundering from far out to sea. The German star shells were useless in the mist, but every gun in the batteries and land-turrets opened at once, and the Royal Marine guns on our front replied to them with flanking fire.

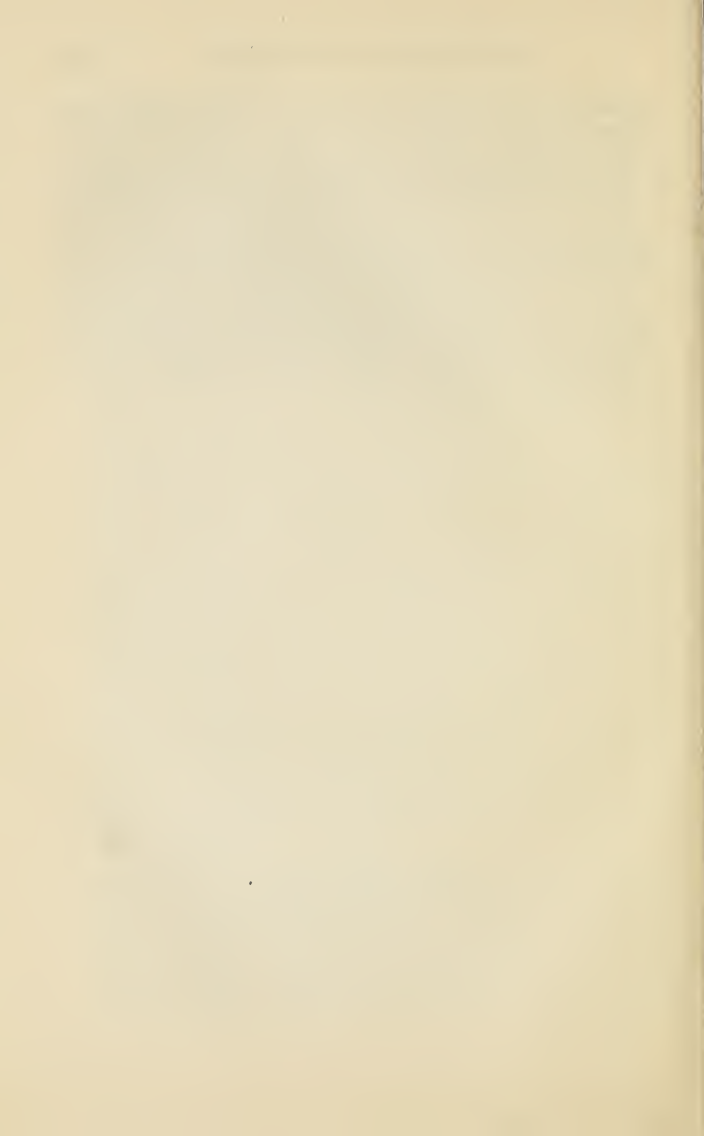
At this moment a real sea fog drifted in and mixed with the smoke-screen ; our destroyers had to keep touch by siren signals, and *Vindictive* found herself in danger of missing her mark, like *Sirius* and *Brilliant*. She had a motor-boat escorting her on each side with huge Dover flares, but the darkness was too dense even for them. Twice she passed the entrance, and came back at last to

her first position. Then, by a happy chance, a breeze cleared the fog for a moment and she saw the piers close to her with the opening dead ahead. Acting-Lieutenant Guy Cockburn, in his motor-boat, saw them too ; he dashed in under heavy fire and laid his flare right in the channel ; *Vindictive* went straight over it and into goal.

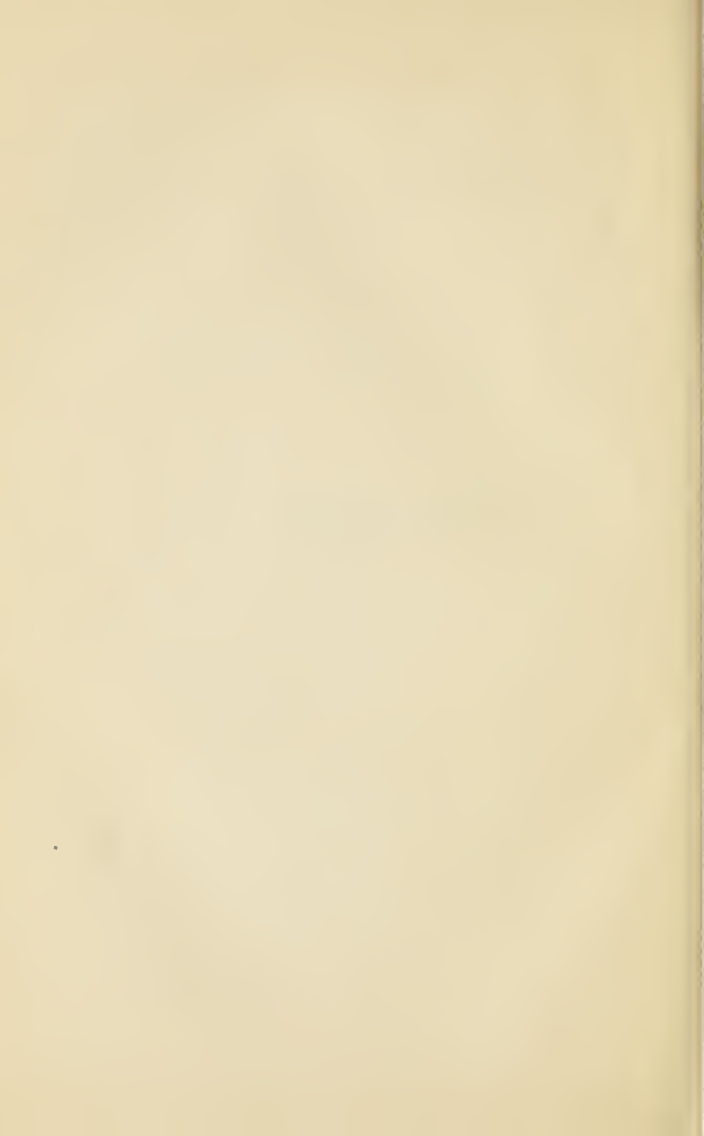
The enemy were now blazing at her with everything they had. A shell hit the after-control and killed Sub-Lieutenant Angus MacLachlan with all his men. Machine-gun bullets made the chart-room and bridges untenable, and Commander Godsall took his officers into the conning-tower. There, after steaming about 200 yards along between the piers, he left them, and went outside, calling back to them to order the ship to be laid bow on to the eastern pier and so swing across the channel. The order was no sooner given than a shell struck the conning-tower full. It killed the Commander outside and stunned Lieutenant Sir John Alleyne, who was inside with Lieutenant V. A. C. Crutchley. Lieutenant Crutchley shouted through the observation slit to the Commander, but, getting no reply, he coolly went on with the swinging of the ship by ringing full speed astern with the port engine. But he soon found that she had ceased to move, so he gave the order to abandon ship and sink her. The main charges were accordingly blown by Engineer-Lieut.-Commander William Bury and the auxiliary charges by Lieutenant Crutchley himself. *Vindictive* heaved, sank about six feet, and settled on the bottom at an angle of forty-five degrees across the channel. "Her work was done," says the official narrative.

The losses were two officers and six men killed, two officers and ten men missing, believed killed, and four officers and eight men wounded. The greater number of these were hit while leaving the *Vindictive*. They were taken off under very heavy machine-gun fire by motor-launches under Lieutenant Bourke, R.N.V.R., and Lieutenant Geoffry Drummond, R.N.V.R. When the latter

reached the *Warwick* his launch was shot to pieces and unseaworthy, he himself was severely wounded, his second in command, Lieutenant Gordon Ross, R.N.V.R., and one seaman, were killed, and a number of others wounded. Day was breaking and they were still within easy range of the forts, so the good ship motor-launch 254 was sunk by a charge in her engine-room. The triumphant return was made without even the most distant attempt at interference by the nine German destroyers. It was a fine chance for a counterstroke with superior force, but the nine did not see it. Ostend remained, like Zeebrugge, a complete British victory.



II. POETRY



VITAIĀ LAMPADA

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
“ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ”

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke ;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks :
“ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ”

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
“ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ”

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

HAWKE

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,
When Hawke came swooping from the West,
The French King's Admiral with twenty of the line,
Was sailing forth, to sack us, out of Brest.
The ports of France were crowded, the quays of France
a-hum
With thirty thousand soldiers marching to the drum,
For bragging time was over and fighting time was come
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

'Twas long past noon of a wild November day
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay
But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.
Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight
Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,
But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's glare for
light
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

The Frenchmen turned like a covey down the wind
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
One he sank with all hands, one he caught and pinned,
And the shallows and the storm took the rest.
The guns that should have conquered us they rusted on
the shore,
The men that would have mastered us they drummed and
marched no more,
For England was England, and a mighty brood she bore
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

CRAVEN

(MOBILE BAY, 1864)

OVER the turret, shut in his iron-clad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame ;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign ;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming ; the monitor hung
Beating the stream ; the roar for a moment hushed,
Craven spoke to the pilot ; slow she swung ;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank ;
She turned but a yard too short ; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the iron-clad tower,
Pilot and Captain met as they turned to fly :
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream : Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's pride,
"After you, Pilot : " the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

*All men praise the deed and the manner, but we—
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud :*

*Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command,*

*These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.*

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

"YE have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead :
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend ? "
" Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed : " If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready ; but let the reckoning stand till day :
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."
" You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees ;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows ;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide ;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead ;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen ;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw ;
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood ;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet ;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white :
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

“ O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.”

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

It's good to see the School we knew,
The land of youth and dream,
To greet again the rule we knew
Before we took the stream :
Though long we've missed the sight of her,
Our hearts may not forget ;
We've lost the old delight of her,
We keep her honour yet.

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.*

The stars and sounding vanities
That half the crowd bewitch,
What are they but inanities
To him that treads the pitch ?
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,
Could buy the cheers that roll
When the last charge goes thundering
Beneath the twilight goal ?

The men that tanned the hide of us,
Our daily foes and friends,
They shall not lose their pride of us,
Howe'er the journey ends.
Their voice, to us who sing of it,
No more its message bears,
But the round world shall ring of it
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But we may face the centuries,
And dare the deepening tide :
For though the dust that's part of us
To dust again be gone,
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—
The School we handed on !

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.*

THE VIGIL

ENGLAND ! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth ;
England ! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right

Hast thou counted up the cost,
What to foeman, what to friend ?
Glory sought is Honour lost,
How should this be knighthood's end ?
Know'st thou what is Hatred's meed ?
What the surest gain of Greed ?
England ! wilt thou dare to-night
Pray that God defend the Right ?

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England ! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart ;
“ *England ! what thou wert, thou art !* ”
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth ! and God defend the Right !

THE TOY BAND

A SONG OF THE GREAT RETREAT

DREARY lay the long road, dreary lay the town,

Lights out and never a glint o' moon :

Weary lay the stragglers, half a thousand down

Sad sighed the weary big Dragoon.

“ Oh ! if I'd a drum here to make then take the road again,

Oh ! if I'd a fife to wheedle Come, boys, come !

You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,

Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum !

“ Hey, but here's a toy shop, here's a drum for me,

Penny whistles too to play the tune !

Half a thousand dead men soon shall hear and see

We're a band ! ” said the weary big Dragoon.

“ Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Wake and take the road again,

Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys, come !

You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,

Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum ! ”

Cheerly goes the dark road, cheerly goes the night,

Cheerly goes the blood to keep the beat :

Half a thousand dead men marching on to fight

With a little penny drum to lift their feet.

Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Wake and take the road again,

Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys, come !

You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,

Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum !

As long as there's an Englishman to ask a tale of me,
As long as I can tell the tale aright,
We'll not forget the penny whistle's wheedle-deedle-dee
And the big Dragoon a-beating down the night,
Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Wake and take the road again,
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys, come !
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum !

HIC JACET

QUI IN HOC SÆCULO FIDELITER MILITAVIT

HE that has left hereunder
The signs of his release,
Feared not the battle's thunder
Nor hoped that wars should cease ;
No hatred set asunder
His warfare from his peace.

Nor feared he in his sleeping
To dream his work undone,
To hear the heathen sweeping
Over the lands he won ;
For he has left in keeping
His sword unto his son.

THE ADVENTURERS

OVER the downs in sunlight clear
Forth we went in the spring of the year :
Plunder of April's gold we sought,
Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a copse without defence
Low we crouched to the rain-squall dense :
Sure, if misery man can vex,
There it beat on our bended necks.

Yet when again we wander on
Suddenly all that gloom is gone :
Under and over through the wood,
Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white,
Delicate windflowers dancing light,
Primrose, mercury, moscatel,
Shimmer in diamonds round the dell.

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe,
Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe,
Woodpecker whirrs his rattling rap,
Ringdove flies with a sudden clap.

Rook is summoning rook to build,
Dunnock his beak with moss has filled,
Robin is bowing in coat-tails brown,
Tomtit chattering upside down.

Well is it seen that every one
Laughs at the rain and loves the sun ;
We too laughed with the wildwood crew,
Laughed till the sky once more was blue.

Homeward over the downs we went
Soaked to the heart with sweet content ;
April's anger is swift to fall,
April's wonder is worth it all.

THE END

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